THE COMMONWEAL

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THE NEW REFORMATION

WHEN one of the most prominent lay delegates to the recent meeting of the Protestant Episcopal congress at Denver strongly objected to certain drastic criticisms of the capitalistic system as "Bolshevistic," the crushing retort was made by the clergyman who read the report that the criticisms in question were quotations from such leaders of capitalism as Gerard Swope, General Atterbury and several others. We think the incident furnished an example of a very welcome movement among business leaders toward something for which possibly the term "examination of conscience" is not too strong. At any rate, literally scores of men who belong to the first rank of industrial, financial and commercial executives have expressed sentiments similar to those quoted at Denver. It is true that the sense of individual, personal guilt is not dictating these expressions; as yet we know of no capitalists who have confessed that they were aware of the moral wrong of their system, or of their own participation in it; but certainly there is a widespread sense that even if not morally wrong, the prevailing system is wrong either in principle, or in the hitherto accepted mode of working out its principles. Anyhow, that something is wrong somewhere, seems to be accepted by all save that group of diehards for whom the recurrence of panics and depressions, and the plagues of unemployment, with their accompaniments of human suffering, starvation, and social disorders ranging from passive misery to violent revolution, are unavoidable and inevitable, and as beyond the control of mankind as earthquakes or cyclones.

That such an awakening has happened is one of the many benefits which trouble has brought in its train. For nothing can be more certain than that industry and business generally, together with that profession which has supplied big business with its most essential aid, the legal profession, have recruited many of the highest and best types of men for their service. Not all of them have been actuated exclusively by motives of pecuniary profit; many of those who have reaped the largest financial rewards have done so incidentally to their main occupation: which was the employment of their intellect, the exercise of their intelligence and their will, in gaining power, and using that power for what they conceived to be the public interest. Certainly, these purposes are more human and commendable than mere avarice, and were pursued by many rich and powerful men. Widespread as the frightful

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vice of avarice has been, and still is, it has not been the whole story of capitalism. Badly directed as much of the enormous sums of money given for various public objects has been, a great deal of it was soundly spent, and produced much good. The purely cynical notion that the philanthropic gifts of multimillionaires are solely to be explained by the theory that in this way the wealthy intend to keep the plundered masses of society quiet and resigned, if not admiring and respectful, subjects of the oligarchs of mammon, is really quite too naive. As a matter of fact, most of the millionaires who have themselves made their own money through modern industrial and commercial means, whether by sheer good luck in gambling and speculating, or more commendably through their own intelligent activities, have simply swum with the tide of their age, which has been running for so long in a direction favorable to their enterprises, but is now a veritable whirlpool as it dashes amongst the reefs and shallows of the world-wide economic debacle. Now, they are bewildered; some are utterly baffled; others again are applying their high gifts of mind and soul to attempting to solve the general problems.

The same process is at work among another class of men upon whom the more enlightened and socially-minded leaders of capitalism have always relied for at least partial guidance, and, at all events, for the benefits of criticism: the professional economists, and writers on economic subjects. It is true that a large proportion of this class, especially those who have the widest, if not deepest, attention of the general public, are today emphasizing ideas which tend more and more strongly toward Socialistic solutions. But the difference between Socialistic and capitalistic methods of regulating the world's business is not very great when such methods agree in holding that only a high degree of government regulation, not to say ownership, of the basic industries and public services can possibly succeed in getting the world out of its present mess. There is such a thing as state capitalism as well as state Socialism, as Hilaire Belloc showed long ago in that prophetic book, "The Servile State." But not all the economists are supporting either the servile state system or uncorrected, materialistic capitalism. Many are awaking to that fundamental element of any humanly tolerable social system—namely, personal, individual reformation, and individual, personal efforts to find a safe, sane, sound and honest path through the wilderness of dismay and confusion in which humanity is floundering. Many are discovering again the truth, so trite yet so irrefragible, that social salvation is like the best form of charity: it begins at home.

There is Stuart Chase, for example, who has come to the front of late as one of the most vivid and influential of popular writers on economics. He has been one of the all too numerous writers who have been giving us five-year plans, and building the world anew, on paper, under such titles as "If I Were Dictator." Authors are like women in their slavery to fashion, but when editors offer checks for writings *à la mode* we suppose the writers have a more practical excuse than the ladies. But in the midst of his latest article, in the December *Harper's,* Mr. Chase takes his eye off the vision of a Utopia combining the best features of Soviet Russia and American mechanism, which apparently is the model followed by most of the journalistic social planners, and looks at himself, and thereupon writes a "Declaration of Independence" which contains more common sense than all the other plans and prophecies put together. For he sees what he himself can do without waiting for the revolution, or the new Mussolini, to come and do it for him. And he appeals to the "enlightened minority" of his fellow writers, artists, engineers, and the intelligentsia generally to do likewise. For he means to quit "trying to keep up with the Jones. . . . For after all the Jones are only trying to keep up with the supersalesmen. This is a labor of Sisyphus and no occupation for a civilized adult. We wish the Jones well in their immortal travail, but we propose to have the kind of a house which pleases our own conception of comfort and design, the kind of service or lack of it which our pleasure and our pocketbooks warrant, the kind of recreations which we genuinely enjoy. . . . Henceforth the sole criterion which we shall consider before investing in mechanical gadgets will be whether they simplify living, and in luxuries whether they genuinely expand the soul. . . . We propose to cultivate sales resistance as an exact science."

There is much more of it, and most of it is wholly admirable. Mr. Stuart Chase has been in Mexico, and fortunately he was much more impressed by the free and independent farmers and small-town craftsmen than by the pretentious social revolutionaries who have tried to impose a materialistic civilization more or less copied from Bolshevistic models upon the sound peasant civilization natural to the Mexicans and congenial to the Catholic culture which coöperated with Indian traditions. However we may differ from Mr. Chase on some of the details of his personal plan, we are all for its main principles. It is hopeful, it is realizable; and if adopted by a sufficient number of individuals the same plan will work, and the individuals who thus attune their own souls and minds and hearts to a practical ideal of liberty and human things will freely and gladly coöperate in the only sort of collectivism worth trying to attain: a free collaboration.

And because plans are in the air, we cannot help proposing, if not a plan of our own, at least a suggestion that might aid us in forming one—and it is this: We know that the general awakening to the faults and inconveniences, to put the case at its mildest, of our present disorganized society has not passed our Catholic captains of industry by; they too are observing and thinking as never before; and we know too that our Catholic economists are at long last entering upon a time when the teachings of the Church expounded by them can be heard—and, if heard, studied, and if studied, applied. Why should they not come together,

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the thinkers and the practical leaders? We shall even be more specific. We suggest that our Knights of Malta, that group which comprises many of the Catholic industrial and financial leaders, meet in a conference with such economists and social students as Professor McCabe, of Princeton, Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, Bishop O'Hara, of the Rural Life Bureau, Mr. Frederick Hinkel, of the Central Verein, Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, Mr. John Moody, Professor Carlton Hayes, of Columbia, Mr. Thomas Woodlock, of the *Wall Street Journal,* and others, for the purpose of discussion and putting into effect a program of Catholic Social Action based upon the solid coöperation of our practical leaders as well as our theorists. Such a program would be no mere sectarian enterprise. It would serve the best interests of the common weal. And it would be based upon individual effort. It would be a new Counter-reformation.

WEEK BY WEEK

COMMENTING on current antipathy to Mars in an interesting letter written to the New York *Times,* Mr. Clyde Eagleton argues that public opinion in the United States is unconsciously committed to doctrine which will ultimately enable the nation "to play its proper rôle of participation in an organized international society, with effective means for maintaining peace and order." In other words, he feels that what the people really want is to be pledged, hook and sinker, to the original League of Nations idea. The argument runs as follows. Taking the reply to the National Civic Federation's questionnaire as a fair sample of public feeling, one finds that while an overwhelming majority oppose complete disarmament without agreement with other nations, the consensus of opinion is that arms would be a futile waste if "all non-revolutionary nations agreed to act jointly in case one of them were attacked." This, Mr. Eagleton concludes, is a verdict against the President's assumption that the weight of public opinion is as satisfactory a barrier in Mars's path as coercion would be. Asked for a plain yes or no, most thoughtful persons agree that peace depends upon settling disputes rather than upon curtailing preparedness.

The Dilemma of Disarmament

THIS argument is interesting and, within limits, effective. If anything has grown perfectly clear it is that public opinion is not a sufficient deterrent of wars. As a matter of fact this opinion may, in given countries, actually demand military preparedness and, beyond that, military action. But an agreement to coerce any nation into abstaining from war does not automatically suggest itself as an alternative. Not a people in the world has ever taken this suggestion seriously. It would seem to follow as a result that, as a thinkable practical measure, coercion does not exist. If, then, public opinion is not an adequate defense of peace, and if coercion is out of the question, to what should we look for help? The answer is not one that we can supply. But the thought suggests itself that much could be done to render public opinion more effective. If a half-dozen of the largest nations agreed to establish a ministry of peace, empowered to spend at least a third as much money trying to prevent conflict as the ministry of war is allowed to spend getting ready for trouble, the result at the end of even a decade might be very considerable. This office would, of course, serve to educate the public, but in time it could develop its own effective principle of coercion.

IN SEVERAL important respects, Mr. Clarence E. Mitchell's testimony before the LaFollette subcommittee was both interesting and true to form. As the head of a mammoth banking institution noted for its conservative theory, he very properly appealed to the laws of supply and demand as the basic code of the industrial community. Regulation of investment banking might be worth considering; a federal economic council would certainly be "invasion by a public authority in the field of private business." Up to a point this thesis is right. Economic activity is certainly as rooted in nature as is a tree or a potato vine. No amount of effort can make a business or a tree grow and produce under utterly artificial control. But you can tend, feed, graft the tree. You can see that its branches do not interlock with those of oaks and maples. And in the same way the point about social regulation of economic life is the art of preserving its nature—that is, private initiative—without letting this run amuck. In so far as banking is concerned, the truth has out in the very remarkable address delivered by Professor A. S. Dewing, of Harvard, before a New York committee. Referring to the large foreign loans placed by investment bankers during the Dawes era, Dr. Dewing said most correctly: "As a group they had absolutely no knowledge of conditions but they bought the bonds because they were offered at a considerable profit to them and could be reasonably distributed." And referring to the easy money policy which made such a loan procedure possible, he remarked: "The banks were entirely too liberal during the boom, and they would not have been so but for the Federal Reserve." There is your whole problem, packed tight between two statements. We need social control, but it must be honest and intelligent.

Mr. Mitchell and Government

WE HAVE once before suggested that facts may begin to insert a rift in the long tradition of England's law-abidingness as against our lawlessness. Modern civilization is much of a piece everywhere, and moral cohesion has been quite generally loosened by the solvents distilled from our economic system. In noting that this view has lately received weight from responsible English spokesmen, we at once

Crime in England

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disclaim any patriotic exultation over the fact. If England's criminal statistics are now going up, an example of solid value and inspiration to all of us is being lost. According to the news despatch, the admitted increase in crimes of violence has resulted in a formal demand upon the Home Secretary that the police force be increased. Almost simultaneously, two men of police experience—the constable of Sheffield, and a former Labor Member—voiced perturbation at the state of affairs, in signed magazine articles. The first, speaking not only for himself but for "many prominent police officers and observers of social conditions," ruefully predicted a general crime epidemic for the country "similar to that in the United States"; motor banditry and hold-ups are startlingly on the increase, according to this authority, who blames (somewhat superficially, we cannot but feel) the inability to restrict the sale of revolvers properly, and American gangster films. The second writer is inclined to fix a good deal of the responsibility on the constant curtailment of the power of policemen and detectives—precisely those operations of English law which we, who feel we have a tyrannical police system, are striving to emulate. Set beside these exhibits the testimony of two well-known English judges, that the average age of English criminals is growing disturbingly younger, and that "the number of persons convicted has grown less, but the number of crimes committed steadily grows more from year to year," and you begin to realize the problem is not peculiar to our own bewildered country.

Two Writers

IT WAS piquant to have, within one week, two best-sellers (authors, not books) make the headlines in an impressively moral or didactic, instead of a merely literary, capacity. And a kind of international symmetry was lent the incident from the fact that one of the writers, Edgar Wallace, is British, whereas the other, Edgar Rice Burroughs, is home-grown. It may not be good taste to say so, since Mr. Wallace is now sojourning on these shores as a guest, but to us Mr. Burroughs's performance was the more edifying. Mr. Wallace only talked; Mr. Burroughs acted. And though Mr. Wallace voiced a conviction we have long ached to express, and Mr. Burroughs acted on one for which our frigid impersonal respect is untouched by sympathy, still action is the test. To be brief, Mr. Wallace gave out an interview in which he had the courage to say: "Imprisoning Capone for not paying an income tax was a miscarriage of justice. It is against public policy to share the gains of illegal profit." This, whatever may be the legal technicalities of the Capone case, is the moral common sense of the matter, of which there is disturbingly little general appreciation. But, to repeat, though this is good talk, it is only talk. Mr. Burroughs, on the other hand, found cachéd on a Western estate (or ranch) which he bought (or leased), a quantity of wine. He did not want it, or did not feel justified in keeping it; and equally, one judges, did not feel justified in giving it to those of his personal household, domestic staff, ranch hands or casual visitors who must have offered (the law of averages being what it is) to relieve him of it. He notified the authorities to come and take it away. They were slow in coming (perhaps incredulity paralyzed them) and his second request, more publicly made, was the occasion of the matter's getting into the papers. There is a flavor of absurdity about it, but at the same time it is impossible not to admire. Mr. Burroughs, while not our favorite author, is now our most deeply respected dry.

A Hopeful Sowing

WE TRY to be impartial in printing both praise and its very opposite in our Communications columns, and therefore feel justified that it is not from motives of mere vanity that we seize an occasion here to call attention to the brief and pithy note of the Reverend A. J. Sawkins in our preceding issue on the article, "Greed Is the Witch," by Michael O'Shaughnessy, which appeared in the November 4 issue. This note raises a point which has long been a part of our cherished hopes. We feel that we can speak with some disinterestedness on this, because it is not for itself in its internal corporation as a group of editors that we speak, but for THE COMMONWEAL as a medium which seeks to give expression and circulation to the best of learning and of special enterprise and experience of Catholic men and women throughout the United States, and of others of other faiths and other countries when what they have to say has some relation to the principles of Catholic living. One of our friends in the priesthood has previously spoken of liking the magazine because "it smacked of the market place." This indeed is specially its mission, to wrestle with the things of Caesar from the point of view of not neglecting to render to God the things that belong to God. Mr. O'Shaughnessy's article was a specific instance of this.

OF IT, said the Reverend A. J. Sawkins: "If that article, with its broad grasp of fundamental common sense, could be preached verbatim in the 20,000 Catholic churches of America, perhaps his hope might be realized—a baker's dozen of leaders to fight avarice and save the world." Personally, our hopes are more modest: if occasionally a priest who found here something that he felt to be particularly apt and illustrative, in terms of the market place, of principles of which he is the guardian in the sacristy, should read from THE COMMONWEAL to his congregation, it would indeed be an occasion on which the work of THE COMMONWEAL would have been specially blessed and would have achieved a high point of its aim to coöperate in the Catholic life of our country. That this hope is not too presumptuous, was intimated to us by reading in our journals from abroad that extracts from the *Universe* were read from the pulpit of a church in England

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on Sunday morning, in this instance an article by a business man on how he valued the papal encyclicals on social questions. It is a delicate matter to beg for an honor such as this, and we do so in all humility because of our interest in and faith in our Catholic writers.

Ugliness Distributed

WOMEN have sought beauty in strange ways. The moralist has frequently reproved them, the artist has mocked their eccentricities, but a fair lady has been proved the most stubborn of earth's creatures. We do not expect any change to follow these remarks. It will suffice to have said them, even as one draws refreshment from imprecations hurled at a taxicab already a block away. Accordingly: by what strange demon of ugliness is the current passion for crimson finger-nails, dangling like daubs of lacquer at the end of icicles, inspired and abetted? There are few comparable horrors. It is as if the lion were to dip his claws in henna. One surmises that even the poet would not have loved Cynara in his fashion if that young lady had dealt so ignobly with her hands. The end, however, is not yet. Even toe-nails, hitherto pared in reputable privacy, are now to turn crimson as madame, decked for the opera, goes stockingless while her little red toes peer from laminated sandals. Normally we wish such a lady no ill. But if an untoward person should somehow contrive to step on such a foot, we would gladly lend our moral support to the culprit. And that in the interests of feminine beauty. After all Mona Lisa might better be trimmed with a nightcap than that woman should break out in the newest and most inane of crimson rashes.

Another Prophet

IN ANALYZING, last week, the hopeful prognostications of Professor Fuller regarding science and the future, we recorded—if not precisely a conviction that all must work out for the best in this best of all possible worlds—a sympathy with, and open-mindedness to, his point of view. Disillusion at a given moment may be understandable and useful. But it is useful only if it leads at last to a more constructive, more realistic, more disciplined hope than that on which we built in the past. Professor Fuller's plan of defining human rights as the objective of proper future endeavor, and then applying to that objective an increasingly and deliberately catholic synthesis of the world's intellectual resources, must, it seems to us, mark out the human limits within which we all will have to work, if we are to save our civilization. The current *Scribner's* now adds another distinguished voice to the optimistic chorus: that of Professor Charles A. Beard. In what is only the first of a projected series of papers, Professor Beard has not the space to develop fully the constructive aspect of his thesis. But he does permit himself—after a mordant treatment of stupidity and greed which encompasses the latter-day history of practically the whole world, and lays every formula we know, from nationalism to academic specialization, under a heavy indictment—a final paragraph of which the key is a predicted reversion to "the good life." "The supreme cause of our confusion," he assures us, "is our contemptuous dismissal of ethics." There is naturally much in which we differ with Professor Beard, but we find a real significance in the fact that a scholar who has devoted himself to the economic determinants of history, should now be drawn to express (with whatever qualifications) the permanent moral needs of men.

IN THE ARENA

IT IS, as Uncle Toby declared, "one thing for a soldier to gather laurels, and another to scatter cypress." And as much could, no doubt, be said at the present regarding those whose function it is to amuse the American public. Universal economic hardship has scarcely affected sport. Millions have passed through the turnstiles during the past season, thumping down admission fees which in many cases still reflect the high ideals of the prosperity era. The recent football debate may have brought more credit than cash to the smaller colleges, but our great institutions of coaching have thriven uncommonly well. Theatres and movies are, comparatively speaking, hard up, but that is largely due to financial flurries affecting diverse managers and to complications which augur less public unwillingness to be pleased than the rudiments of growing public taste. Certainly nothing has happened to mar the glory of Hollywood's kings and queens. "It was strange to sit among so many familiars," says Anne O'Hare McCormick in a recent New York *Times* article, "and stranger still to reflect that these faces, and not those in the Senate, the Council of the League of Nations, the Hall of Fame, or any other assembly wheresoever, are the best-known faces on earth."

What is the meaning of this tremendous many-faceted enterprise, which rivets all America to certain physiognomies, dramas, tales and places? There is first of all the hypothesis that people may be seeking "pleasure." This helps us very little since the word "pleasure" has as many connotations as the once innocent term, "bird." Of course it is partly the spectacle which fascinates—the immersion of self in the dramatic panorama. Yet, after all, that is not really the point. We moderns seem, for the most part, to have lost the faculty of living ourselves into a play as Partridge, in "Tom Jones," so triumphantly could. The plot of the thing, in the Aristotelian sense— even the plot of a football game—has ceased to be of major importance. How many spectators are there who can tell as they watch just how the full-back broke through right guard on that play?

The truth of the matter would seem to be that the public can recognize Albie Booth or Marchmont Schwartz. "There he goes!" is, one thinks, the fun-

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damental philosophy of a football game. Or it is Babe Ruth slugging the ball, Katherine Cornell reclining on a sofa, Greta Garbo looking very sad, or the inimitable Charlie Chaplin doing the opposite of what he had intended to accomplish. To quote again from Mrs. McCormick's impressions of Hollywood: "You encounter plenty of 'screen material.' Platinum blondes and red-haired sirens languish behind every counter and practise diction at the telephone exchange. . . . The people on the streets are seldom in the pictures, but you get the impression that half of them are posing for that purpose; they are careful reproductions of the well-known types. These are not the famous masks, but they are like a parade of close-ups, none the less. Nowhere is the human scenery so well composed and so monotonous, a reel of copies of the same faces and the same attitudes."

Perhaps that is it. Perhaps a new form of vicariousness, in the mass, submitting not the shadows of things to the desires of the mind, but rather the desires of the mind to the shadows of things. Here we are face to face with a deeply rooted human instinct of which our civilization gives a new version. How often have the poets and thinkers spoken of human loneliness—of the barriers which rise even between loving souls, and of the difficulties which attend the realization of Christianity's lofty ideal of universal communion. It is Dr. Johnson who summarized the matter for English readers: "The truth is that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us, of whom, perhaps, not one appears to deserve our notice or excite our sympathy, we should remember that we likewise are lost in the same throng, that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten."

Johnson was too much of a philosopher not to seek redemption from this frightening atomism of mankind in some communion transcending the race. But the average American of these times is no thinker. He symbolizes the form of the union he craves, fastening upon quite Hellenic metaphors the import of which should be lost on no one. It is early Greece which we are now reliving, on a scale which no other society has dreamed possible. The athlete and the fair, slender young thing; a singular monism varied by swift, Dionysaic rhythms! It was a long way from these, in the Aegean Isles, to Socrates and the Venus of Milo, and a longer way still may stretch out ahead of us. There is even the danger that we may never, quite, get to the end; certainly it will never be reached in our time. Yet the thought suggests itself already that the newer America, in contrast with the old, will not seek unity through thought or action, but will hope to emerge victorious through a conflict with instinct. It seems to be hunting for the artistic road to higher levels, and to have abandoned the dream of finding collectivism in ideas.

When a symbol drops, the thud must be appalling. Notice the recent complaint of Mr. Gatty, successful and momentarily famed circumnavigator of northern air seas. From his seat in a hotel room, the said Gatty speculated on the flightiness of glory, giving quite unconsciously a racy modern version of Dr. Johnson's sage remarks. The public, he thought, had been played out on aviation. And possibly they had, moth-like, chased round this particular bulb until their eyes burned and they perforce gave it up. But to the aviator, over whom the bubble reputation had hovered for an hour and on whom the skies had showered no gold, the hollowness of the massed acclaim must have been evident indeed. After all there can be only one supreme triumph in every adventure. The retinue of Jove, gods though all be, lose their glitter in oblivion. A vacant hour filled with prattle is the fate of even the divinities.

The constant fall of meteoritic splendors seems to trouble the public not a whit. It is at present taking the part of Bacchus, to whom the vintage is less important than the wine. That is why one confronts the amusement service offered by the colleges with a certain amount of regret. After all, the interesting query one may put to Alma Mater's athletic system is not whether some brawny tackle gets a stipend, or even whether the air of academe is grimy with the ashes of 75,000 cigarettes. What matters is the giving of the gift of learning, if not letters then life. And one wonders if the business of subjecting the activity of campuses to a symbol as temporary as it is intoxicating can really and truly be termed fortunate. It is said that during recent years, the campaigns of any illustrious team are followed by a gathering of fans, some alumni and other humbler representatives of the great untutored American people, who devote their time and emotions to "following the team." That, too, is a symbol. But confusion grows worse confounded when it is not these only, nor even the student body, but the college as a unit adopts the same program of action. It would not matter if life did not matter. It would not hurt if the dust and ashes of youthful glory did not come to seem, later on, the equivalent of life.

Yet there is a certain exhilarating interest about watching the whole spectacle. To date, every guess made about America has been wrong. Ours is likely to share this sad fate, but like Dr. Johnson we have our vacant hours. And so we seem to see, as a result of increasing scepticism, some differentiation of the masses. This crowd will worship at less mundane altars; that will cling to its very earthy demon. In the long run it will be impossible to debase the ideal further for all, and impossible to refine it too much for others. But when that time comes the nation will no longer be young.

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OUR LEADING MANUFACTURE

By BURTON KLINE

THOUGHTFUL people laughed when, as winter approached, our old friend the dole was taken down from a summer shelf and freshly dusted off to horrify the public. As suddenly as that, at a drop in the temperature, the relief that has quietly carried millions of people through the summer became the deadly dole, and every variety of argument was used to warn us that under no consideration must we now attempt the thing already done. As long as relief is needed, the argument will doubtless run on, gaining in amusement value as each new aspect of it outdoes the last in comic effect—until we open our eyes to a fact that is not so comic. That is, that unemployment relief itself becomes of minor importance, when seen against certain other dark matters that lurk behind it. Whatever form of unemployment relief we pay, now or later, and by whatever name we call it, the relief extended can be little but surface salve for a deep-seated economic disease that will fester on, with evils far worse than the dole, until we have seen and removed its principal cause.

For years this cause has cried for attention. For fully ten years one of our staple manufactures has been the manufacture of unemployment; and so long as we let this go on, the worst of it is, not that the emergency of unemployment relief will be ever recurrent, but that any permanent system of unemployment insurance will be seriously threatened before it is even installed.

It may be taken as settled fact that the beginning of a new prosperity need not by any means mean the end of unemployment. That much was more than established in the winter of 1927-1928, when the country was alarmed by a peak of unemployment at the very peak of Coolidge prosperity; and the principal cause of that crisis lingers yet, to create another. In answer to national alarm in 1927-1928, a Senate committee, headed by Senator Couzens, examined into this phenomenon of boom-time unemployment—estimated at 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 people—and came pretty close to hitting this principal cause. Unfortunately the committee's report frightened by its thickness even more than by its contents, and, falling upon a public absorbed in "prosperity," was almost ignored. Thick as it is, this report had better be taken down from the shelf, along with the dole. In times like these it may stand a chance of opening a few more eyes to the serious thing we have brought upon us.

One hundred and thirty-three years ago, in 1798, Thomas Robert Malthus frightened a part of the world, and stirred the whole of it, with a dread that its population might one day outrun its food-supply. Curiously, Malthus published his thesis in answer to William Godwin's plea for a juster distribution of wealth, a demand as valid as ever today, while the never-realized fear of Malthus has become a mockery to millions of people threatened with nakedness and want amid bursting granaries and unspun cotton. But in its stead a far worse fear, that Malthus never foreshadowed, has now come suspiciously close to realization.

There is every reason to believe that the world's population has definitely and, unless we do something about it, has permanently outrun its job-supply.

If it is not yet clear that the world as a whole has too many workers for its present ill-ordered system of production and distribution, still, certainly here in the United States, machinery has been refined to the point where it turns on some millions of those whom it almost literally brought into being and says, "You're through. I no longer need you."

While so many of us are vexed with immediate depression problems, the grave meaning of this may be overlooked for still a while; but this is actually the thing that has come upon us. The steps, the mechanical advances, that have brought it about, have been catalogued time and again, and every time read with a fascination that takes account of but one of their meanings. These mechanical advances mean, it is true, the application of science to ever quicker, better, more bewildering methods of producing wealth and the comforts of life, but as such we have let them give us a pride that has wholly veiled their other and sinister effect—their steady reduction of the job-supply. It is time to peer beneath the surface fascination and face the thing that has been coming on.

In the short century or so since the Industrial Revolution, machinery has almost literally bred human beings. As the new means of producing wealth swung into operation, one factory invited and financed the opening of another and another, in a progression unended today. As ever more machines beckoned for workers to run them, nature filled in the vacuum, so that since the industrial régime set in, the population of Europe has more than doubled and ours has multiplied many times. And in this country, at least, one-third of this population consists of factory workers alone.

The long history of the race contains nothing like this sudden expansion of its wealth and its numbers, nor, especially, anything to match the sudden improvement of machinery itself in America during the past ten years. Mr. Edward A. Filene well calls this the second Industrial Revolution. Machines already mechanical marvels have been made more marvelous still, until, of late years, machines have begun to displace machines themselves, as slower and less pro-

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ductive devices have given way to faster engines of production.

All that matters here is the social effect of these things in every direction, and of even these a few will suffice for the point, but to indicate what they really mean, it is just as well to rehearse these few. You dialed your grocery order today on a mechanism that displaced thousands of telephone operators, or, in the euphemism of the day, "released them to other pursuits." Your package of breakfast bacon carried a line, "Never touched by human hands," meaning the "release" of those hands. You dropped a nickel in a subway turnstile, where a few years ago you bought a ticket from a clerk who also has been released. Count on, thence on, the time- and labor-saving contraptions you encounter in the course of the day, in office, bank, store, wherever you go. The number will be startling. Meanwhile your morning paper will have told you of combinations and mergers, all in the same interest of saving labor and time, as management takes up the process where mechanism leaves it off.

But it is in the factory, the field, the mine, that this speeding and mechanization make their breath-taking leaps. Invention of this ever more automatic machinery has become an industry in itself, recognized, patronized, advertised as such in the press of every trade. In one branch of industry after another, in factory after factory, this new Industrial Revolution has stepped in, with always the same effect: in comes a new machine, and out go 100, 200, sometimes 600, men. Kansas once needed 30,000 hands to harvest her wheat; the new "combine" machine dispenses with two-thirds of the number. It is wonderful, but what has become of the superfluous 20,000? In the picking of cotton, once thought out of reach of the cleverest mechanism, machinery has stepped in with the same economy of time and of human effort. What is known as mulch paper is an especially striking instance of this dispossess process. Entire fields can be covered with this material, perforated where the desired plants are to grow, while weeds, smothered under the paper, do not grow, "releasing" the hands that used to pick them.

Machinery has blotted out entire crafts and trades of venerable origin. From the time of the Pharaohs the blowing of glass was thought to be, by the nature of things, forever reserved to human cunning and immune to mechanical invasion. Machinery does it now, and except in the making of art glass, human skill in this trade will never be needed again. It is so with the making of bricks and the puddling of iron. Like some monster of old, the single machine in Chicago that turns out 40,000 bricks an hour has acquired a crank fame of its own. Think of this process as at work in nearly everything we make or do, and you come out at what was encountered in the winter of 1927-1928, when easily half the number of jobless were identified as those "released to other pursuits," and we had plain warning of having to that extent outrun the job-supply. For the present, depression has halted the tendency, but business recovery will set it in motion at once, at a pace perhaps faster than ever, in a natural zeal to regain lost time and ground.

Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, and a stout apologist for mechanization, insists that industry contains within itself the natural corrective to this trend, which he finds in vast extensions or offshoots of the older industries, or in the rise of industries new in themselves. Thus, he points out, the motor industry, subject like all the others to wholesale mechanization and equipped, for example, with a single machine that covers nearly an acre of space and delivers thousands of stamped auto bodies per day by the work of a handful of men, has more than made up for this and many similar displacements by opening up job opportunities to hundreds of thousands of workers, as drivers of taxis, buses and trucks; as mechanics in gas and service stations, paint and repair shops; even as vendors of pop, hot dogs and meals along the traveled motor-ways. For types of the newer "blotting paper" industries tending automatically to lap up the "released," Dr. Klein cites the airplane and the radio, each but one of its kind, and all of them proof of this power in industry and invention to generate new fields of employment as fast as the old fields are exhausted.

But this fact, which cannot be denied, must not obscure another fact, which must not be ignored. The same industries cited as opening new jobs can be cited as tending to take jobs away. Within a few years after the motion picture industry had created a great array of jobs that never existed before, including employment to thousands of musicians in picture houses widely distributed over the country, in came mechanical production of sound, and out went 40,000 of these musicians, with all avenues to new employment closed to their special kind of skill. From the telltale evidence supplied by the sudden unemployment crisis of 1927-1928, it would appear that of these two trends in industry, one to efface and the other to create employment, the effacement trend has gained a permanent lead on the other, with the effect of leaving a standing margin of dislocated workers, perhaps only temporarily unemployed as individuals, but forming a fixed class, and one which is of probably growing proportions.

This development of job-reducing machinery during the recent boom constituted a form of speculation as reckless as that in stocks, and one that contributed nearly as much to glut the market with idle goods and to litter the streets with idle men. Is the plain warning of 1927-1928 to be heeded? Is mechanization somehow to be controlled; or are we to let it go on reducing the job-supply, threatening any unemployment insurance we may devise, and fixing upon us the dole, whether we like it or not?

We probably would not, if we could, scotch the forces that impel us to further invention and use of

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highly productive machines. They make for an ever greater wealth, an ever richer life, and the leisure to live such a life. They are the gradual realization of Adam's dream of life in an Eden without a lick of labor, and the original Adam in us will never permit us to give them up. But either we wipe out something of the life-destroying element in these machines, or they wipe out something of life itself. With our present population facing even now a shrunken job-supply, and with these ever more automatic machines uncontrolled, we all face at best some measure of chronic depression, and at the worst some possible social disturbance besides. These several millions of people left idle in the best of times, entitled like ourselves to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but now virtually commanded by speeding machines to go off and die, may not be willing to oblige. In the best of times they have a habit of sticking around and needing relief, and in bad times their call for temporary relief has just one virtue—it forces even the timid to toy with ideas of permanent relief, though it take the dread form of unemployment insurance itself.

Yet here again we gravitate back to the point. How long can the best-planned unemployment insurance scheme endure, if we continue to manufacture fresh unemployment at the present rate? Why set up a fire department, so long as we go right on setting new fires?

Fortunately for the outlook, these automatic self-running machines contain within themselves an automatic self-stopping device. They may need ever fewer human hands to turn out their ever vaster product, but to eat up and use up that product, they everlastingly need more human bellies and backs. What happens when these are lacking, the present slump rather stiffly illustrates. In fact this depression may yet be worth all its cost, in making so clear a point that is so important.

The point which is made clear is that you cannot shrink the job-supply without shrinking two other things—the supply of consumers and the supply of profits. The business man who instals automatic machinery loses an ultimate customer with every worker displaced; and once he tumbles to that, social conscience need trouble itself little concerning the jobless. Business will attend to the jobless.

Some business has already attended to the matter. Certain advanced employers have discovered, to their amazement, that one simple way to abolish unemployment in their plants is to set up a system of unemployment insurance—at their own expense. Footing the bill for the jobless soon taught them how to maintain the job-supply. Unfortunately for the outlook, business is not one brain, like these, but many millions of brains, most of them backward. Because of these, maintenance of the job-supply may cost more time, more agony to the unemployed, more suffering for us to witness. But if, ultimately, the sheer money profit in keeping the maximum number of people employed is not in itself a sufficient incentive, business can be sure of urgency enough in that direction from a public opinion formed from recent, and lasting, memories of the present distress and of digging down in its jeans for the cost of relief.

If this experience of looking on at distress and starvation leaves any impression whatever on public opinion, the time is not far away when opinion will force employers, for very shame, to find new work for their hundreds or thousands of men, before installing the new machines that are certain to oust them. As for the practical means of maintaining the job-supply, while still avoiding too sharp a curb on invention, they are taking vague shape already. Shrinking the workday and swelling wages to rates so far unthought of, is one that may yet gain the day against the most backward.

Mr. Edward A. Filene believes that unemployment insurance, though aimed primarily at relief for the jobless, will incidentally compel such stabilization of the job-supply as will soon put insurance on a self-paying basis, and will ultimately remove the need of insurance. Mr. Filene's opinions command the utmost respect, but still, against the best of insurance plans, this unchecked reduction of the job-supply will obtrude itself. Somehow, some way must first be found of easing new machinery into the industrial system only so fast as the workers who are displaced by it can be reëmployed.

Yet those who cry the loudest for this, and for other "plans" and future leadership, may draw their best encouragement from their worst impatience. The cry for leaders, though still pretty much unanswered, is an excellent symptom, and the failure of leadership so far to respond is not a bad one. The economic period immediately before us is so utterly new that the old rules and leadership will not fit it. These the new time must find for itself, as its needs unfold. But even if, at first, the new period registers utter failure in this, we carry into it certain guiding resolves, formed of recent bitter experience.

It has been driven into us as never before how literally millions of people are the children of our machinery, dependent upon it and helpless without it, or without the few who own it; and we are resolved that never again shall these leave their foundlings on the national doorstep. For that matter, industry itself gives evidence of seeing a light. It may blunder and squabble on for a time, but for an excellent reason it will somehow, sometime, learn to maintain the job-supply, to keep its wards employed, or accumulate means to maintain them when it cannot. Either this or something of equivalent effect will happen, or industry itself will smother under the gathering weight of its own unconsumable mass-production. A fact so patent must soon be seen, and if it is true that we accomplish nothing except under pressure, industry is under pressure enough even now for something effective in maintaining the job-supply.

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THE COCKPIT OF ASIA

By ADAM DAY

During the past weeks Japan's activities in Manchuria has kept the world agog. What would the outcome be? What issues were involved in the struggle? What would be the effect upon the prestige of the League of Nations? In the following paper, Miss Day calls attention to what is really the heart of the matter, from a diplomatic point of view: Japan has answered the Western powers in their own language, averring that she sought no more than she was entitled to by treaty rights and thus preventing a reply which the League is not prepared to accept as a precedent in Europe.—The Editors.

A SITUATION without parallel in international relations has developed in Manchuria out of the struggle between China, Japan and Russia over railroads and the effort to harmonize Chinese political and Japanese economic interests there. Charging a "violent and provocative attack" by the Chinese in the South Manchurian Railway zone near Mukden, Japan bombed that city on September 18 and began a push northward with armed forces, inaugurating a war without a formal declaration of hostilities or a severance of diplomatic relations.

So serious was the portent that the League of Nations Council met in Geneva the day following the Mukden incident to consider the crisis. China was quick to appeal to it for protection under Article II of the Covenant. Since then the council has twice summoned the Chinese and Japanese to fulfil their obligations under the Covenant and the Briand-Kellogg Pact. Its October 24 ultimatum to the Japanese to evacuate occupied Manchurian territory by November 16 was rejected by Japan, who pursued her punitive expedition. This defiance, which published the fact that the strong words of the council were bereft of dynamite, has placed the League in the position of fighting for its very life and put to its second severe testing the pact for the renunciation of war.

When this was written an armistice had been arranged and a Manchurian commission was in the making at Geneva, but not before a small force of Japanese troops had taken nearly 250,000 square miles of territory and disarmed a Chinese army ten times its size, placing Japan in complete control of that portion of Manchuria south of the Nonni River that constitutes its sphere of influence, and of Tsitsihar, within the Russian sphere north of this boundary. In short, with the expiration of the ultimatum, Japan had achieved her threefold objective: establishment in Manchuria of a Chinese government friendly to her, the removal of officials antagonistic to her, and protection of her interests in Japanese-owned railroads or in lines in which she is financially involved.

Thus, while the Geneva conversations were going on, Japan had established a new status quo in Manchuria upon which all future discussion of the affair must be based. For the terminology of the Pact of Paris, like the League Covenant, takes cognizance only of the status quo, providing no means of restoring the status quo ante as displaced in Manchuria by Chinese forces. Neither does it provide any way of correcting a valid, but inequitable or impracticable, treaty.

This was made apparent in 1929 in the Sino-Russian dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway, which, with the South Manchurian lines, is the key to the domination of north China. The dispute gave the pact its first test, and the incident of this year has served to show again that a complete instrument for maintaining international order is still lacking.

It is not unlike Japan to begin hostilities before a formal declaration of war. She did it in 1904 in the case of Russia, although the declaration was not long in following the first fighting. Her hesitancy in the present instance, while not deterring her from the successful accomplishment of her immediate objectives, is significant in its punctilious observance of the modern peace vocabulary. Basing her premise on the best understanding of international law as it applies to the sanctity of treaties and the localizing of hostilities, she was able to avert effective disciplinary action by the League until she had achieved her initial purpose, meanwhile leaving the council to sound what peace phrases and ultimatums it would.

In this Japan has followed a policy in keeping with the best traditions of Oriental diplomacy, at the same time proving her mastery of the lessons in international relations and politics that the powers have been at such pains over many years to teach her and which have come to her in the form of bitterest experience. She built up her case in Manchuria on bases of Western policy that are the very keystone of the wordy temple of peace erected since 1918. In the most formal and categorical manner she has declared that she wants no more of China than her treaty rights entitle her to, and in so doing has taken a position which the Western powers could not refuse to concede save at the expense of opening questions among themselves which would be fatal to their own peace.

Without presuming to prophesy what will next develop in the Sino-Japanese imbroglio—for in kaleidoscopic China that which holds today in the political structure is least guaranteed tomorrow—the record is clear that the peace forces in Geneva were so checkmated by Japan and so completely without the instrumentality to impose sanctions, that they could fall back only on what has come today to be regarded as the major force in international relations, namely, public opinion. Not until they had recourse to this position,

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did it become clear to them that this was a major line of offense and defense from which to operate against what promised to be the gravest sort of Far Eastern crisis. This should not be interpreted to mean that these Geneva statesmen have done more than localize a conflict in the cockpit of Asia; that Manchuria—all China—is any less volcanic than it was a year or a score of years ago.

When Japan struck at Mukden in September, she had a specific and clearly defined program based upon what she held were her treaty rights. The Western world joined in a protest against her methods of obtaining them and making them secure, yet there was nothing in the international lawbooks upon which to base denial of Japan's prerogative to protect her interests under existing covenants. To agree to China's demand that the Sino-Japanese treaties, having been inequitably forced upon her, should be referred to an impartial tribunal for compromise and modification, would be to open a Pandora's box in Europe east of the Rhine. While they talked Japan acted, and little remained for the council upon reconvening in November save to urge moderation on the contestants and impress upon them the duties and obligations that befit those who sit at the world's peace table. Their success in preventing formal declarations of war may be attributed chiefly to Japan's sensitiveness to world opinion for peace.

The impotence of the Western powers was due to the fact that they doubtless would have acted precisely as Japan did, had they been faced with the Manchurian dilemma with its exasperating sequence of evasion, deceit, procrastination, even insolence, in a matter in which Japan believed her future at stake. Rarely has a Sino-Japanese issue arisen that has not involved, as in this case, the tenure of the leases of Japanese railways in Manchuria, the general question of parallel lines and the method of the enforcement of treaties and agreements. The latter always concerns the extent to which treaty stipulations tend to limit China's right to develop Manchuria without foreign assistance, or with foreign assistance other than Japan's. In the complexity of difficulties thus developed, it is China's propensity to leave solution to the solvent time. Japan has reason to be well acquainted with this policy of delay and to believe that the withdrawal of her forces before negotiations would leave her again without true recognition of treaty obligations, lost in a maze of arbitrament procedure.

She knows that her position in Manchuria is in complete accord with the usages of international law, and is acutely sensitive to the apparent lack of sympathy with it among the Western powers. She believes that, had this crisis come prior to the Washington Conference—that is, before the expiration of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance—there would have been less talk in Geneva about Japanese aggression against an enfeebled nation, about her aggrandizement and about the Koreanization of Manchuria. She holds that she has a problem there—and in China—directly parallel to that obtaining between the United States and Latin America. William Jennings Bryan, when Secretary of State, conceded this in the interchange between Washington and Tokio over Japan's Twenty-One Demands that form the nucleus for the present dispute, in reply to Japanese representations that "territorial contiguity" was a factor in United States-Mexican relations, and that Japan's relations with China were in every respect analogous. This phrase became "territorial propinquity" in 1917, and is the established terminology for Japan's special position in south Manchuria and east Mongolia.

When the powers set up the Nine-Power Pacific Pact in 1922—sometimes called China's international Magna Charta—to which Japan, too, was a signatory, the whole question of the validity of Japan's position in Manchuria again was raised. At that time the Japanese gave signal notice that that position, including the protection of it by military force which rested on the 1905 Treaty of Peking, was not to be questioned. It is this pact, guaranteeing the territorial and administrative integrity of China and upholding the open-door policy there, which has been brought forward in the present crisis as the only one whose terminology seems to apply to the situation.

Japan has long since proved that she is the most willing to learn among the nations. Another instance which showed her capacity for applying Western rules to a situation was the rôle she played in the 1929 Sino-Russian railway dispute. In so far as appearances were concerned, Russia was free to go ahead with her operations against the Chinese, Tokio pursuing a hands-off policy even though Japanese interests were directly concerned.

She would have the Western world and Russia say the same to her now that she has her own dispute with China, and protests the barrage of suspicion leveled at her. Since 1921 her whole effort has been economic penetration rather than political imperialism in China, and she has been at infinite pains to establish, both with China and the Western powers, the good faith of her relinquishment of old ambitions. She was the first of old-line powers to make a treaty with China authorizing the passing of alien tariff control, February, 1927. Her unequivocal return of Shantung properties in accordance with the Washington Conference agreement and her long forbearance, even under great provocation, from interference in Chinese affairs have convinced a large body of intelligent Chinese opinion of her sincerity.

This enlightened imperialism, too, is in accord with Western policy in its present-day formula for expansion through the establishment of financial and commercial hegemony and the control of communications rather than through annexation. In the old days, the powers wanted territory. When Bismarck wanted it in Schleswig-Holstein or on the Rhine, he took it;

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when France, England and Germany wanted it in Asia, they took it; when Japan wanted it in China, she took it.

Her expansionism abandoned, Japan has turned to intensive industrialism of which economic control in Manchuria is a vital factor. Her special interests there are defined in covenants, and their maintenance is, as the world knows, indispensable to her existence.

The Chinese government showed that they were unwilling, or unable—perhaps both—to fulfil their treaty obligations. When Japanese subjects were murdered and their property rights destroyed and every means used which ingenious Oriental minds could devise to harass and even humiliate proud and imperial Japan, it became evident to all students of the Far East that Japanese repercussion was inevitable. It came headed by the militarist faction in Japanese politics, and, strangely enough, this group had back of it a united nation. The government in Tokio was impotent in the face of the whole-hearted support the Japanese people gave their war lords. However willing the imperial government might have been to head the voice of the League Council in Geneva, it dared not withdraw its forces from Manchuria.

It goes without saying that, if the Japanese could take the Yalu and Tumen rivers and move them northward to a point best suited to their political and economic needs, they would solve the Manchurian problem in a way most satisfactory to them. This being impossible, they have officially declared they are not attempting to repeat in Manchuria the history made in Korea, fully cognizant that the powers would not countenance this and that the territorial and administrative integrity of China are guaranteed in treaties that Japan must respect. Japan will be fully satisfied with a guarantee that her treaty rights in Manchuria will be respected.

It appeared as this was written that the conflict in Manchuria had entered the second phase, wherein it will be determined whether Japan can enforce her treaty rights or whether she must compromise. In the light of what has happened at Geneva since the council met over the Sino-Japanese trouble, there will come out of China rather than from the League capital the determining factors of the ultimate settlement. Nothing in past relations between Japan and China indicates that the latter will take submissively the new status quo erected in Manchuria. Without the strong military organization requisite to meeting and overcoming the Japanese on the field, the Chinese have, nevertheless, a more powerful weapon—the boycott. Before now they have thoroughly disproved the old military theory of the utility of the bayonet and have taught it to the Western world, notably to the Germans in the Ruhr basin. Signs are already at hand that they are settling down to the eighth boycott since 1908 of everything Japanese, a development which Japan may well regard with greater apprehension than anything to be expected from Geneva.

However the Manchurian imbroglio may be got over, the fact will remain that peace there will be wanting just so long as China is a house divided against itself. The Manchurian situation is inseparable from the China problem. Without chaos in China, Japan would have been lacking the "provocative" occasion which gave rise to her latest armed advance to control circumstances purely symptomatic of the "burning house next door." League of Nations commissions cannot extinguish this fire. China is without traditions of unity in terms of the nation as a whole, and in the grip of isolation-bred conservatism. She has had ten years of incessant civil strife and her finances are disorganized, her public utilities damaged, and banditry and famine are in the land. Something more forceful than counsel from Geneva is necessary, coming out of the nation itself, strong enough to unify China and coalesce under one responsible head and reduce the vast armed commands that now operate independently of each other and devour 80 percent of the country's surplus revenues. The military struggle is only the outward expression of the contest between the primitive unorganized village-community life and the need of a centralized strong government to keep China in the world of independent powers. Japan has now broken with the civilization of China for Western forms of organization; China must follow and, perforce, is following.

Meanwhile the best brains in every chancellery in the world are turned to the problem in Manchuria, and there is no certainty how it will be solved. The most world opinion has been able to do in the present instance is to stay the Japanese hand. This in itself is important, but beyond temporary palliatives, the permanent solution must come out of the East's own wisdom. An old Chinese philosopher, remarking on this once, expressed confidence that in a hundred years —five hundred even—it would come about. And of this the Western world with its intense rationalization and mechanization has constantly to remind itself: the timelessness of the Orient where a century is only a fragment in the vast crucible that has witnessed the birth of man.

Relief

Now the dim relief has come:
Out of the dark we crawl,
Haggard and still and some
Are motionless along the wall.

We do not speak a word until
We form on a firmer road and dawn
Reveals a length of quiet hill
And a house further on.

Someone is crying but there is laughter:
Someone whistles something old,
And someone staggers drunken after
So much death and cold.

EDWIN MORGAN.

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ARE THE POPES IN ERROR?

By ROY J. DEFERRARI

RECENTLY, in an article on "Catholics and Graduate Study," I attempted to describe what true research is and to show that expert training therein makes for intellectual leadership. I also ventured the opinion, with some proof, that Catholics in America lack worthy facilities for this training, and consequently fall short of that influence in intellectual affairs which is proportionate to their numbers. May I add, in view of statements made in reply to that article, that I have never felt that our Catholic people lacked minds suited to intellectual leadership, but they have lacked and still lack the proper graduate school facilities under Catholic auspices to train these minds for intellectual leadership. Furthermore, I stated then, as I insist now, that there is no substitute for this training. It must be had in a university properly equipped with men and laboratories in all fundamental departments of learning.

In this article I aim to show that the Popes, from Leo XIII to the Pontiff now reigning, have all been greatly concerned about the establishment of an outstanding university in the United States, and that this solicitude is most thoroughly grounded.

The Catholic University of America owes not only its very existence but its steady growth to the constant support and interest of the Holy See. At the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore it was agreed that a petition should be sent the Holy Father for the founding of such a university. Whether or not this petition was actually sent to Rome I do not know with certainty. At the Third Plenary Council the feasibility of such a university was again discussed, and in the decrees a chapter was incorporated setting forth the necessity and advantages of a highly specialized study of the sacred sciences and the necessity of developing minds for the better defense of truth, for service as professors and administrative officers in theological seminaries, for the direction of the study of natural sciences and for leadership in all other branches of knowledge. The Bishops' Conference of October, 1886, voted to lay before the Holy Father the need and the hope of such a university. It requested that Washington be chosen as the site and that the Right Reverend John J. Keane be appointed first rector. On April 10, 1887, Leo XIII approved the project. He expressed a wish that all the Catholic colleges and seminaries in the United States should in the course of time become affiliated with the university, which he recommended to the generosity of the American people. A rescript issued on March 23, 1889, said that no project of a similar institution could be entertained until all the faculties of this university had been fully developed. Leo XIII further showed his solicitude by having Archbishop Satolli, his delegate, reside on the campus. This strengthened the bond with the Holy See, and frequent correspondence between the university and Leo XIII is extant in the archives.

Pius X continued in the attitude of his predecessor toward the Catholic University. He took upon himself some of the responsibility incident to its financial direction. He was interested not only in the project as a whole but in many of its special details, rejoicing at the growth in graduates and approving the many movements which originated in the university. His successor, Benedict XV, pleaded especially to the bishops of the country and to religious sponsors to send to the university "clergy of the Church in America who will receive one and the same culture and training; and this means," he said, "without doubt a clergy whose piety will bear rich fruit because of their more active, more harmonious coöperation for a common purpose." Perhaps the most emphatic document of all is that of Pius XI, issued October 10, 1928. In it, he emphasized the fact that failure to develop the Catholic University of America properly, especially when so many great non-Catholic universities are growing in this country, is a reproach to the Church in America. He urged that every bishop should look upon it as his own school.

These many expressions from Rome are very definite in two respects: first, that we should have a university of authoritative standing for teacher training and independent investigation; and second, that the Catholic University of America should be this institution. However, I do not read into the words of the Holy Fathers the interpretation that there should forever be in this country only one Catholic University. On the contrary, the Catholics of the United States are numerous enough and wealthy enough to support several universities of the highest standard, but this cannot be done until the Catholic University of America has been developed in accordance with the wishes of the Holy Father, and is thus able to be an efficient guide to others.

As to why the Holy See is so interested in universities in general, and in the Catholic University of America in particular, I venture to explain only in part. History reveals that every anti-religious movement of the past few centuries has come through some university campus. The counter-tide must be through the same channels. The most insidious perils to faith and morals lie in the intellectual world when pride wells up in men whose learning is not tempered by faith. In his own pontifical universities, the Holy Father, by reserving to himself the approval of professors, may more effectively insure that persons strong in the faith be appointed to the more important positions of administering and of teaching.

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It is quite possible, of course, for one to be a Catholic and yet not sympathize with the project of a national Catholic university. Recently conferences of bishops were held at Atlantic City, Los Angeles, Omaha, Cleveland and Providence to discuss ways and means of developing the Catholic University. Without exception, the bishops of the country have expressed themselves as heartily in favor of this development. I repeat, it seems quite possible for one to attend religious services and still maintain that the Popes and the bishops are in error on this point. However, the normal, intelligent Catholic will make his own the effort of the Holy Father to establish a Catholic university in America which shall be second to no other university. Action is the final criterion of this sympathy, and the sad fact is that Catholics in general have been none too sympathetic with the project. An annual collection, the financial life-blood of the university, is, as Bishop Heelan of Sioux City pointed out at the Los Angeles Conference, "a mere pittance." The Catholic University has an endowment nominally of about $2,000,000 which, when critically analyzed and detached from special commitments, is a productive endowment of only $20,000.

In spite of the letter of Pius XI, on October 10, 1928, the increase in the annual collection was only about $50,000. This is a shameful fact when one considers the emphatic appeal of the Holy Father, the resources of Catholics in this country, and the accusations too often hurled at us that Catholics in America are none too responsive to the leader of Catholicism.

Probably the lack of sympathy for the ideal of the Popes in establishing a national Catholic university is due to a certain form of myopia or parochialism by which the average Catholic fails to see the relationship between the Catholic parochial school, the Catholic high school, or his own college, and the Catholic University. To declare allegiance to one and to deny interest in the other is tantamount to the action of a citizen of the United States who declares allegiance to his native state but says that national affairs deserve no support.

At present the Catholic educational system in the United States may be described roughly as follows: rapidly increasing primary schools, far short, however, of actual needs; high schools, numerously expanding, but still unequal to the demands of our Catholic population; normal schools and colleges, multiplying until recent date at a rapid pace, but many of which are failing at present, partly because they have refused to recognize the function of educational standards; finally, educational institutions bearing the title of university and doing splendid work in professional training and undergraduate departments, but quite unable to perform the function of a university in the specialized training that is required for graduate studies.

Bishop Edward Kelly, D.D., of Boise City, Idaho, at the conference of eighteen bishops held at Los Angeles, stated that "our school system and our Catholic colleges will be blighted if we do not have some such institution as the Catholic University. The first thing we know education will not be free with us inasmuch as we will be bound up wholly or partially to a group of institutions and educators who are not Catholic. If we cannot maintain a Catholic university, the Catholic school system is doomed." A Catholic university is necessary for the maintenance of a proper standard of scholarship and training from the viewpoint of a trained educator. Building a magnificent physical plant for a school without any provision for the training of its faculty, a tendency only too common in this country in the past, is not conforming to the Catholic ideal of education. I have no special quarrel with standardizing agencies at present, because I believe that until a national Catholic university has sufficient influence and power to curb the tendency of our Catholic schools to cater to such agencies, state agencies must step in and insure that teacher training be an essential part of a school program. If our Catholic schools have not set up spiritual standards which give quality, quantity and direction to all their educational effort, it is partly because the Catholic University, though it has trained thousands of teachers, has not been sufficiently powerful to make the intellectual standards emphasized by accrediting agencies secondary to the spiritual standards set up by the Church.

My attention has been called repeatedly to the fact that some of our Catholic institutions, once they have conformed to the requirements of the state in regard to graduate degrees on the faculty, are quite willing to rest quietly until more requirements are demanded. The Catholic University has, following the directions of the Holy Father, insisted that there is no limit to the spiritual and intellectual development of a teaching body. Moreover, the tendency has been, when a student has been equipped at the Catholic University to do effective teaching and research work, to place him or her, because of degrees possessed, in an administrative position where one is not free to execute scholarly research.

However, I do not claim to serve in any way as an interpreter of the minds of the Popes. As a Catholic, I am willing to follow the direction and guidance of the Holy See in this matter, centering my attention and aspirations for Catholic intellectual prestige largely, though not of course exclusively, upon the Catholic University of America. I do this, without prejudice to any other Catholic institution, particularly to the theological seminaries which have done splendid work, but whose main objective is not training for research. The Catholic University of America has accomplished so much that it may appeal on its own merits for sympathy and support. But I like to believe that the duty of supporting it becomes less irksome and more pleasant because Catholics in America rejoice in the privilege of being co-workers of the Holy Father in such a noble enterprise.

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PRINCE VON BÜLOW

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THE DUKE DE MORNY, Napoleon III's famous half-brother, was once asked why he did not write his memoirs, and replied that it was because he was neither a bore nor a liar, and that the usual memoirs of public men were either true and dull, or amusing and untrue. This seeming paradox came to my mind more than once as I was reading the extraordinary book of reminiscences which the former Chancellor of the German Empire left behind him as a monument of his hate and his spirit of revenge against all those who had stood in his way during the course of his most interesting life.

These big volumes (there are four of them) are not altogether true and dull, nor altogether amusing and untrue, but a greater accumulation of lies has, I believe, never been seen. So flagrant and so abundant are the untruths that one doubts even the few truths in these remarkable recollections of things which never happened. The entire work is a monument to the vanity of a man who, to judge by what he writes about himself, considered that he was a genius and that there did not exist on earth a single creature equal to him.

It is also an unscrupulous, posthumous revenge for wrongs which were in great part imaginary, an expression of bitter resentment that his merits should be unappreciated, whereas actually they received their just deserts. Only a man devoid of moral sense, as well as honor, could have written anything like this. Some of the pages contained in the book are shocking, especially to those who, like myself, knew Prince von Bülow personally, and saw him flatter and almost grovel to the people he wanted to propitiate, or intended to use later on, and whom finally he dragged into the mire, oblivious of all they had done for him.

The book has aroused a storm of indignation not only in Germany, but all over Europe. An entire volume has been published by some of the former colleagues of its author, containing refutations of the assertions which he made about them, a volume which does away with all the praise Prince von Bülow showered upon himself in his "Memoirs," and places him in his true light before the world. He tried to dupe all through his life. He was a cultured man, gifted with a good memory, and an amusing way of expressing himself at times, and he was a clever politician occasionally, but he was neither a statesman nor a man of honor.

During the years he was in power, he contrived to give himself the appearance of being both, at least to the outside world. Those who approached him closer, and knew the means he used to advance in his career, were aware that he was ungrateful and unscrupulous, but they had illusions as to his political aptitudes. The "Memoirs" prove that these consisted in his putting himself everywhere in the foremost place, and considering no one but himself.

His ingratitude was monstrous. I will give one example of it. The late Empress Frederick had been extremely fond of him and especially of his wife, and had treated them both not only as personal friends but as people in whom she could confide. Yet in his "Memoirs" the prince speaks of her in terms which her enemies would have hesitated to employ, even holding her up to ridicule on her death-bed. When he speaks of her unutterably painful end, he tells us that she requested to be wrapped, entirely undressed, in the folds of the British flag, thus put into her coffin, and taken to England to be buried there, but that her son refused to carry out her wishes, for fear of offending the German nation. To anyone who, like myself, has intimately known the empress, and has heard her continually speak of her desire to be laid to rest beside her husband in the Friedenskirche of Potsdam, the story invented by Prince von Bülow appears particularly odious and, moreover, silly in the extreme. Only a perverted mind could have concocted it.

This, however, is but an episode in a book in which not one of those whom the prince called his friends, is spared his criticisms. His slanders include also their families, nor does he hesitate to put his own feet into the mire, in his eagerness to splash mud on all of them.

His attitude toward the kaiser is a typical instance of his unscrupulousness. For years he flattered him, gave way to him and developed in him a vanity which had already reached enormous dimensions, encouraging him in thinking himself above all other monarchs, then all at once when he perceived that William II was beginning to see through him, he changed his entire behavior and criticized, reproached and calumniated intentions which in his heart he approved. An example of this is the famous episode of the emperor's visit to Tangiers, which was only made on the instance of Prince von Bülow and against which William II's own instincts warned him. This visit was in a certain sense the beginning of the end. If it had not taken place, who knows whether the World War could not have been avoided, or at least delayed?

The "Memoirs" achieve one feat, they arouse sympathy for the emperor. After reading them, one begins to pity a monarch who had the misfortune to award his confidence to a minister who constantly betrayed him and tried to build up his own reputation at the expense of his sovereign, flattering him to his face while stabbing him in the back, without the least compunction or remorse.

The only thing for which Prince von Bülow worked, during the years he was in office, was the establishment of his own personal position. To everything else

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he was indifferent. Count Zedlitz, who was controller of the imperial household for a number of years, says in his recollections that "Prince von Bülow's nature was essentially a servile one, which clung nervously to office," and this is an excellent characteristization of this statesman devoid of statesmanlike ideas or opinions. His policy, whilst he was in power, was just as false, mean and untrustworthy as his person.

It was he who conceived the idea of the Russo-German treaty which poor Nicholas II was almost compelled to sign in Bjorke, and for which he was so severely blamed. And the reason why Bülow offered his resignation to William II after its signature, was that he was enraged that some expressions in the original text had been changed through a mutual understanding between the two monarchs. The original text had set forth that the treaty was to be valid in Asia as well as in Europe, a provision to which the czar objected. When the German Chancellor offered his resignation to William II, the latter refused to accept it, in a letter the terms of which seem to have been somewhat changed in the version given in the "Memoirs," a letter which any person with the slightest sense of decency would never have published. It must here be added that when Prince von Bülow was dismissed the emperor asked him to return his correspondence. The Chancellor sent back two large envelopes with letters and telegrams which he had received from his imperial master during the years he had been in charge of foreign affairs. But either he retained some or made copies of all of them, otherwise he could hardly have included in his "Memoirs" all those quoted there. This was a serious breach of confidence, and one cannot but admire the former kaiser for his dignified silence in regard to Bernard von Bülow.

The "Memoirs" themselves will hardly rank as a historical work. They are too full of errors. In their refutation by the prince's former co-workers and colleagues, there is not one important point which is not challenged when not flatly contradicted. The Bosnian episode among others is shown to have been conducted exactly contrary to what Bülow tells us.

Space prevents comment on the famous *Daily Telegraph* incident, but none of the explanations included in the "Memoirs" can satisfy the reader. I prefer, for my part, to accept the version given by Mr. von Valentini, the head of the emperor's private chancery. There is no doubt but that William II had cause to think himself betrayed by the man in whom for years he had had complete confidence.

The following incident, for the authenticity of which I can vouch, is typical of the prince's disposition to intrigue. While he was councilor of the German embassy in St. Petersburg, he tried to get a noble lady whom he knew to be upon terms of great friendship with an important personage attached to the person of Alexander III, to obtain for him some political information with the help of which he hoped to worm himself into the good graces of Prince Bismarck. In order to induce her, he threatened to expose certain facts concerning her private life, with which he had become accidentally possessed. Happily she was not of a timid nature, and hastened to inform the personage upon whom she had been asked to spy, of Bülow's attempt to blackmail her. Of course there was no scandal, as everyone concerned in the affair was interested in hushing it up, but the czar, who had been informed of the occurrence, wrote a personal letter to Prince Bismarck asking him to appoint Bülow to some other place. Bülow was immediately sent as Minister to Bucharest, which, by the way, was a promotion. Prince Bismarck said of Bülow, "He is a very clever fellow, but he forgets that the world cannot be ruled by intrigue."

It was finally intrigue, or intrigues, which brought about his downfall. The day came when, completely disillusioned, the kaiser was but too glad to bid goodby to his Chancellor, and made a mental vow never to recall him.

Bülow could never forgive him for it. Bitterly chagrined at his summary dismissal by a monarch whom he had betrayed without compunction, he heaps reproaches upon William II in his "Memoirs," and unjustly maligns him and all those whom he suspects of prejudicing his sovereign against him. It is rather amusing to find him accusing the emperor of being a liar, in view of the fact that he was himself one of the worst liars in the world.

The prince simply could not bear the thought that after having directed the destinies of Germany for so many years, he had suddenly been severed from any association with them, that in one word he had become nothing after having been all-powerful. Most likely it was this feeling of deep animosity against those who had replaced him, which led him to pour invectives upon the heads of all the German diplomats or statesmen who had taken up the work he had been compelled to abandon. If we are to believe the "Memoirs," there was not one honest man among them, they had all conspired to bring about the fall of Germany, this Germany which he was convinced he could have saved had he still been its Chancellor. His account of the mistakes committed before and after the outbreak of the World War, does not tell us how they might have been avoided and, as one of those who replied to the untruths with which he has filled his book, justly said, "It is doubtful whether he would have acted differently than did Mr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, had he stood in the latter's place during those fateful days which saw the start of the cataclysm, while perhaps he would have shown himself even more lenient in regard to Austria, and exercised less pressure upon her than did his successor, and like the latter he would undoubtedly have been so completely scared by the Russian mobilization, that he also would have rushed into the war, without any thought of the terrible consequences of this ill-fated step."

There are certain overwhelming facts before which

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human creatures find themselves powerless, and the best proof of this is the failure of Prince von Bülow's special mission to Rome, to which he was appointed through intrigues as mean as they were low. But he was willing to humiliate himself in his desire to be called again to direct his country's destinies. He was without any sense of dignity, decency or honor. His Roman mission was unsuccessful, because Italy was determined to prove the truth of the proverb that "ingratitude is simply the independence of the heart," and she had made up her mind, long before Prince von Bülow's arrival in Rome, to look out for her own interests, regardless of old treaties or obligations. She was pursuing her destiny, and against this even his diplomatic skill found itself powerless.

With all his cleverness, and there is no doubt that he was clever as well as agreeable, Prince von Bülow lacked the qualities out of which real statesmen are made. He had no clear views about what can or cannot be done; he had no program worthy of the name, but allowed himself to be led by events or by Baron von Holstein, the "Satan of the Foreign Office," as Bismarck had once called him. He did not possess sufficient courage to tell the truth to his sovereign or to the German nation. And the immense bitterness which toward the last filled his soul, was not caused by his country's ruin, but by his failure to keep in his hands, the power which had slipped out of them.

In the solitude of his beautiful Villa Malta in Rome, he forgot everything except the desire to say evil things about all those whom he had known, all those who had been kind to him, all those who had helped him to attain honors and dignities, all those whom it would have been his duty to defend, and whom he remorselessly abandoned to the wrath of their enemies. His book is interesting, but it is certainly neither truthful nor kind. In it he spares no one. And finally, when he passed away in his Roman villa, he was an embittered, morose old man, whose wrinkled face was not as wrinkled as his dark soul, and whose only legacy to the world in which he had played such a prominent part, was this monument of hatred, spite, ingratitude, malice and untruth, his "Memoirs."

When Shall We Tire of Names?

We are so drunk with names, we naming ones,
Reeling from stone to star, inebriate
With flushed presumption—labeling men and suns
And all things else that names did not create;

We are so proud of names, we naming fools,
Strutting in titled plumage, like puffed birds,
Using our names as shallow, glittering pools
To mirror our vain selves in vainer words;

When shall be tire of names, we naming slaves,
Renounce all earthly names, forget our own,
And with the wind, the inch-worm and the waves,
Praise one Name ever, and one Name alone?

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

MISSIONARY MEDICINE

By PALUEL J. FLAGG

EVANGELIZATION, supreme in the spiritual field, and medicine, supreme in the natural, may well be compared to the indestructible union of man's spiritual and human nature. The fullest activity of each takes place within the life sphere allotted. The occasional overlapping of nature's laws by direct supernatural effects on the one hand, and the apparent explanation of supernatural manifestations by psychiatry on the other, prove the rule.

Medicine, as religion, knows no national or racial boundaries. But the care of the body and the care of the soul often become disassociated when viewed at a distance. In the case of our separated brethren laboring in the Far East, this disassociation has shown itself in a reversal of position—medicine frequently coming first, and evangelization following. Our own Catholic missions, while preserving the normal sequence of importance, have until very recently, almost completely ignored the human needs of the missioner's body, which the physician alone can supply. Or, granting these in part, they have placed them in the care of a personnel specifically trained for nursing the sick, not for practising medicine.

In civilized lands priests of the natural law, physicians of high and low estate, devote their lives to the needs of man's human nature—some under the aegis of the Church, most outside of it. The priest, owing to his proper absorption in, and enthusiasm for, the duties of his supernatural task, frequently fails to appreciate and seldom teaches respect for the priest of the natural law, until he has himself become in need of these ministrations. Measured in terms of the spiritual, the physician is no more than any other layman; measured in terms of the natural law, he leads all laymen.

Viewed, then, as workers in a common field, these priests of the supernatural and the natural law function most effectively when united by a common heritage, the gift of faith. In our own generation and in our own nation, we have failed to support by encouragement and prestige, the priest of the natural law. In this country the relative importance of the Catholic physician in scientific circles does not compare with the position held by the priests of the supernatural law in evangelical circles.

Emerging from the missionary state during the last two decades, we have become distinctly mission-minded. One of our chief objectives is the conversion of the Far East. We are laying the foundation for the generation which will follow us, and our faith in the Divine entity of the Church is such that we regard it as supra-national, as assimilable by all peoples. We do not fall back on nationalism to support what we believe, on a nationalism which would but serve to place limitations upon our gift and, finally, to destroy it. To quote from the "Maximum Illud" of the late Supreme Shepherd Benedict XV:

"The main care of those who rule the missions should be to raise and train a clergy from amidst the nations among which they dwell, for on this are founded the best hopes for the Church of the future. Linked to his compatriots as he is by the bonds of origin, character, feelings and inclinations, the indigenous priest possesses extraordinary facilities for introducing the Faith to their minds, and is endowed with power of persuasion far superior to those of any other man. It thus frequently happens that he has access where a foreign priest could not set foot.

"But to obtain the expected results it is absolutely necessary to mold and build up an indigenous clergy in a way that is satisfactory. A raw and unfinished preparation, such as will allow

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one to be ordained, will not do by any means; but the training should be full, adequate in extent of studies and length of years, such as is given to priests of civilized nations. . . .

"Wherever, therefore, there exists an indigenous clergy, adequate in numbers and in training, and worthy of its vocation, there the missionary's work must be considered brought to a happy close; there the Church is founded. And if ever persecution threatened her existence, her roots and foundations would have struck too deep to give any chance of success to hostile attacks."

May we not, indeed, must we not, follow the sacred example of the Church in caring for souls, by educating and supporting by the means at our command an indigenous Catholic medical profession, equipped with all the knowledge of the West? Should we not even now select and enter students for medicine who may be the life-long comrades of native seminarians now in training? Since the physician's work is of a natural order, he is neither trained nor required to practise the self-immolation common to his celibate comrades. As a consequence of this freedom and the temporary nature of his service, the alien cannot be assimilated by the people with whom he labors, but must remain a more or less isolated foreigner.

The formation of indigenous practitioners of medicine is by no means new from the secular and non-Catholic viewpoint, and hundreds of native physicians trained in Western medicine are now practising in the country in which they were born. The point to be emphasized is the necessity of training and supporting a Catholic, Oriental medical group which shall be capable in time of assuming leadership. That the native Oriental is capable of absorbing whatever we have to offer is common knowledge. That such a trained group would be of immediate and great practical value to the American missionary laboring with almost no medical protection, is emphasized by the almost insurmountable difficulties of providing a requisite number of European and American physicians.

The ideal activity to which the European medical missionary can devote himself is the training of natives; the multiplication of his knowledge and ability by young technicians who may become potential medical students.

The impressions and the conclusion discussed above are the result of almost twenty years of contact with the medical mission field. The time has come to make the serious suggestion that anyone who may be interested in this world problem, especially the physician who can best understand the medical aspect of the situation, support this work by specific bequests in his will, to apply in the final disposition of his estate after his immediate dependents have been cared for. Would it not be a just return to Providence for the benefits which he has received, and would it not be a consolation to him to know that his priesthood would be carried on after his passing, by men trained by the Church to work in coöperation with his friends, priests of the supernatural law, in a union which shall never die?

The Catholic Medical Mission Board of 10 West 17th Street, New York City, acting upon the selection, advice and supervision of a designated mission bishop, will be glad to serve as the custodian for any fund or foundation directed to the medical training of native Catholic boys.

Epitaph

The mortal lines she once would read
Are now of no concern.
Put by her books; she has, in death,
The universe to learn.

FRANCES M. ANDREWS.

ULTRA-MODERN

By GRENVILLE VERNON

IT WAS Sir Thomas Browne who somewhere wrote: "There are those who can see merit in the chaos of its elements and descry perfection in the great obscurity of nothing." There were those who, listening to Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," must have had some similar feeling regarding the admirers of this most modern of modernistic operas. Of course they were wrong, for many of those who have praised "Wozzeck" have been far removed from the artistic snob or the sensation-monger, and they have praised it sincerely and with discrimination. Indeed, more than one distinguished critic has proclaimed it the most important music-drama since "Pelléas et Mélisande." And yet its effect upon the average opera-goer has undoubtedly been either the arousing of anger or the perpetration of boredom. Those who know the history of any epoch-making work will of course recognize this reception as almost a corollary of the production of such work. We all know that the music of Wagner was declared devoid of melody, and the same charge was hurled even against "Carmen" and "Faust." Therefore the true verdict as to whether Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" is an epoch-making work must rest with posterity. Either it may or it may not be—which latter is the belief of this particular writer.

That Alban Berg is a master of the orchestra goes without saying. That the sounds emitted by the instruments are extraordinary and at times poignant is also true. That these sounds often emphasize the acrid quality of Georg Buchner's drama is evident even to those who are unable to follow the German words but who know the story in its English translation. But that all this makes it great music or even a great music-drama is another matter. The music of Wagner is able to stand alone, in fact is felt by many to be more wonderful alone, and the score of "Pelléas" has a beauty which is implicit. But this is not true of "Wozzeck." Divorced from its text it would be utterly incoherent and inchoate. Thus as pure music it cannot take its place with the great masterpieces of opera. The question then follows whether the work as a whole is one which will last, and whether it opens new vistas into the future? Indeed the answer to the latter question gives the verdict as to the real importance of the work. Buchner's drama, though written nearly a century ago, is extraordinarily modern, and pointed the way to what was to happen in Continental literature after the disillusion of the Great War. But does Berg's music point also to the future? The present writer believes that it does not; that it is of today, and only of today—that is, unless music is to have a future built upon a quagmire, which is for art an impossibility. It is not that it is discordant in the accepted meaning of the term, or what was accepted until very recently; it is not that the characters shriek rather than sing; it is not even that it expresses the spirit of disillusion. There is one sort of disillusion which is a necessary prelude to a rebirth, but it is just because this is not the disillusion of Berg's music that we become doubtful of its importance. For to many of us it is music which is decadent in that it is dissolving both of unity of thought and of the balance of moral and aesthetic values. In short, it is in the deepest sense unhealthy.

All that could be done for it was done both by the artists of the Philadelphia Opera Company, and by Leopold Stokowski and his magnificent Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, while the scenic investiture of Robert Edmond Jones was superb. Indeed the true triumph of the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House was the triumph of interpretation.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

After All

WE NOW have an excellent chance to appraise more accurately the work of John Van Druten as a playwright. It will be remembered that a few years ago his first produced play, "Young Woodley," created quite a stir in dramatic circles. It was strictly a play concerning adolescence, but in a mood very different from that, for example, in which Booth Tarkington has frequently written. The idea behind the play met with a very mixed reception, some people maintaining that Mr. Van Druten had been entirely too outspoken and frank about the sex disturbances of young men in the British public schools, and others pointing to the very constructive way in which he handled his delicate theme by showing how a boy might emerge from his early confusion with some sense of increased responsibility and of his growing manhood.

At all events, it can be said with reasonable certainty that the theme of "Young Woodley" was consistently developed and that the author kept in mind at all times a definite conclusion. But much less can be said for his latest play, "After All," which has just been produced by Dwight Deere Wiman, through arrangement with Sydney Carroll. This time, Mr. Van Druten has undertaken the all too familiar task of picturing the contrast between the old and the young generation. It is a theme that has been wrung threadbare over the last fifteen years, certainly to a point where there is no justification for writing another play about it unless one has something of penetrating originality to offer. This, Mr. Van Druten certainly has not. He gives us, very heavily underscored, all the usual situations between parents and children as playwrights and novelists love to picture them. In tracing through a few years the lives of a brother and sister, he shows them first in perpetual subdued conflict with their parents. The father is an obstinate and well-meaning and utterly insensitive member of the alleged old school. The mother is a woman who pities herself to the point of self-martyrdom and the martyrdom of all around her. Both parents are respectable and good-hearted, but exceptionally dull. The son (if you can believe it) wants to be an artist—the favorite occupation of all stage sons since plays on the two generations were first written. The daughter "just can't help" falling in love with an unhappily married man whose wife has a fatal illness. She becomes the man's mistress, awaiting the death of the wife, and is really quite pained to find that her father does not sympathize with her "modernity."

Between the first and second acts, the father dies from high blood pressure at the shock of his daughter's behavior. The mother, for some less obvious reason, dies between the second and third acts, and the third act itself is composed of two scenes, the first showing us the studio home of the son after his unfortunate marriage to an ex-cabaret-dancer, and the second showing the home of the daughter after she has married her former lover and had four children. The son, by this time, has come to be tenderly sentimental about all memories of his youthful home, to the bored disgust of his sophisticated wife. The daughter has become a model mother, serenely gentle with aged aunts and stupid cousins, and presides over a home that she fondly hopes will be a great improvement over the one she herself was brought up in. By this time, it is fairly evident that what Mr. Van Druten wants to say is that there is nothing "after all" quite like a home. But it is equally evident that he has chosen the most awkward and disjointed and confused way possible of stating his case.

Consider for a moment that the daughter, to whom he throws the major sympathy of the play, has done exactly what she wanted to do at every stage of her life. The girl lacks the faintest conception of what it means to make even a temporary sacrifice for the pleasure or happiness of someone else. She goes quite serenely through the year or so while she is waiting for her lover's wife to die, and then marries him within two weeks of his wife's death. She succeeds, as only people in plays can ever succeed, in eating the same cake twice. The boy, on the other hand, who has a much more serious sense of his obligations, is pictured as something of a weakling, unduly tied to his mother's apron strings, and quite unable to cope with real life once his mother's death has set him adrift. His home turns out to be the unhappy one, and his wife to be the unfaithful partner. The girl, who has satisfied her own cravings at every stage, achieves contentment. Now this fits into one's experience of life only when life is examined in small segments. The self-seekers sometimes appear to possess the earth, but seldom if you follow them through all the way from youth to the grave. Mr. Van Druten's younger characters are as callow at the end of the play as his older characters are stuffy or irritating at the beginning. A play of this sort, to establish any depth or perception, needs the perspective and sweep of "Milestones." A theme such as this cannot be measured by the span of five years. The wages of self-seeking may be as short-lived as they are high. The real trouble seems to be that Mr. Van Druten himself fails to grasp the essence of his theme. His writing is sophomoric and as callow as his characters. When he wrote "Young Woodley," he was discussing a subject which, by its very nature, had to be compassed within a short period. Adolescence passes like measles. Its ugliness can clear up quickly. The problem of the generations is a very different matter, spanning many lives, and bringing all manner of hope, despair, misery and triumph, both interior and exterior, to whole groups of lives in ever-widening circles. In tackling these matters, Mr. Van Druten shows neither maturity nor charitable insight. His puppets do his bidding in neat stages. They are never infused with that rich complexity by which human beings meet within themselves the retribution and rewards which the world can neither see nor measure.

Aside from the immaturity and hopeless confusion of Mr. Van Druten's writing, the play suffers from slow and unimaginative direction, and from a heavy exaggeration of the broad character outlines. Walter Kingsford and Helen Haye, as the father and mother, bring out the least sympathetic qualities in the written lines. Minna Philips, as the old aunt, gives by far the fullest variety of feeling. Margaret Perry quite covers up the innate selfishness of the daughter by a madonna-like performance, in which early adultery is presented under the mask of a quasi-innocence in the grip of some irresistible impulse. The fault is not Miss Perry's. The play is written that way. (At the Booth Theatre.)

The Good Fairy

I WISH it were possible to divorce the work of Helen Hayes as one of the finest artists of our stage, from many of the inept vehicles in which she has appeared at various stages of her

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personally brilliant career. If this could be done, one might settle down comfortably to describe the numerous glittering facets of her work, to examine the intrinsic charm of every movement she makes, of every delicately revealing gesture, of the hundred small details of "business" with which she enriches a part and brings it to the maturity of a masterpiece.

The most astonishing part of Miss Hayes's progress has been her ability to add to her technical equipment without losing even one of the personal and spontaneous qualities which set her apart, years ago, from the great run of capable actresses. It was in that dream scene from "Dear Brutus" that Miss Hayes, then a mere child, drifted right into the hearts of her audience. She can still evoke the same response. She has gained year by year in emotional strength. She has added enormously to her technical facility, as proved beyond question in her recent screen success. But at no time has she sacrificed her birthright. In this sense she has triumphantly asserted the integrity of her art as something that springs from within, undistorted by masks and superficial artifice.

All of this makes it the more regrettable when her talents are wasted as they so frequently are in a string of sophisticated comedies. Molnar's "The Good Fairy" is merely another one of those mid-Continental tales which professes to be highly amused and amusing over the determination of a naive and good-hearted girl to sacrifice her virtue in order to bring good luck to some needy soul. The virtue, of course, remains solidly intact to the end, but not until Mr. Molnar has made it the subject of a score of witticisms. Little Lu—an ex-usherette in a movie house who describes herself as "an unemployed glow-worm"—decides to pose as a married woman of society in order to have an affair with a rich manufacturer. She describes her husband as a poor lawyer, whereupon the manufacturer offers to turn over to him all the firm's legal business. This gives Lu the "good fairy" inspiration to hunt up some really poor lawyer to pose as her husband in order to be the recipient of the lucrative business. The telephone book yields the name of one Dr. Sporum, who does turn out to be a middle-aged lawyer in dire poverty. Dr. Sporum yields to the visions of wealth by consenting to the conspiracy, but sundry circumstances prevent Lu from going through with her part of the bargain, etc., etc.

This play, which is produced by Gilbert Miller, has the advantage of including in the cast not only Miss Hayes but also Walter Connolly as Dr. Sporum. By this time, nearly everyone recognizes in Walter Connolly one of the most finished and capable character actors of the modern stage. His Uncle Vanya of last season was something to be long remembered. He contributes quite as much as Miss Hayes to making this play seem vastly more important than it is.

In a world that has ceased to apply standards of any sort to the theatre, it is always peculiarly difficult to make people see that the themes of many of our modern comedies present an underlying problem of real importance. One is usually accused of being a prude for raising any objections whatever to the comic treatment of wrong-headed ideas. Yet the point should be obvious. There is a certain analogy, for example, between romanticizing gang wars in one type of play and making a comic butt of adultery and the like in other plays. The viewpoint established in each case merely increases the general false sense of values. Plays that deliberately make a joke of immorality in any form cannot help but contribute an added share of indifference to all standards whatsoever. This is where the apparently trivial comedy presents a problem vastly different from the frank handling of wrongdoing as wrong in plays of honest inspiration. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

FREE STATE ECONOMICS

London, England.

TO the Editor: I crave the hospitality of your columns to rectify the misconceptions under which Mr. Miceal O'Kiersey labors in regard to the affairs of the Irish Free State as per his letter under above title in THE COMMONWEAL of October 14.

There was much method in Mr. Dulanty's madness in calling attention to the importance for Great Britain of the Free State's trade and at the same time accentuating the fact that Britain's purchases of Ireland's products had decreased at a time when the imposition of duties on food products was and still is being seriously considered by the British government; clear thinking on that point would be useful.

The Irish Free State is not economically independent. What country in the world is? Surely recent developments should convince even the most superficial thinkers of the interdependence of national units.

England does not control the Free State's ports, if by control is meant that the Free State's flag is not much in evidence on salt water. In the absence of her own flag the Free State is at liberty to avail of any flag she chooses under which to carry her produce from her shores, and now that so large a portion of British tonnage is lying idle in port I could secure for the Free State, should she need it, first class tonnage under foreign flags, chiefly Japanese, on terms with which shipping under other flags is not able to compete.

Some years ago I took up the idea of Ireland's having a mercantile marine and found that the matter had been under careful consideration, but as the Free State government was not in a position to subsidize a mercantile marine, and as the question of freight rates from Irish ports was being watched and checked, there was no need for anything in the direction I had suggested.

It would be difficult for Mr. O'Kiersey to indicate to what new markets Ireland could possibly appeal to take her produce consisting exclusively of foodstuffs. If he can make some concrete reasonable suggestions in that direction they will, I am sure, be more than welcome.

To talk of "sweated labor" in this island is to be funny. The Englishman's trouble is rather that he is a bit shy of what in America is called work. As a concession to the employers a few days ago the textile operatives of Manchester agreed, for a period, in order to help the trade in its difficulties, to work fifty-five hours a week instead of the usual forty-eight. Not much sweating about that!

The people of Ireland are sufficiently awake to their interests not to purchase goods from England they can get elsewhere for less money, and after all people can hardly be told where they are to make their purchases or what they should pay for them.

To assert that the Free State government is so loyal to the empire that it refuses to protect Irish interests is as ungenerous as it is unfounded. Mr. O'Kiersey on reflection will doubtless withdraw that statement when I remind him of the great electrical Shannon scheme having been placed in German hands, the beet sugar factory in Belgian hands, the contract for the street cleansing of Dublin given to a French firm, the banking and currency system devised by an American professor of economics, a member of the Federal Reserve Board specially brought to Ireland to preside over the deliberations of the Free State Banking Commission. How groundless Mr.

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O'Kiersey's contention is may be seen further from the fact that the Irish government has imposed tariffs on furniture, footwear, clothing of all kinds, woolen piece goods, radio apparatus, oats and oaten meal, sweets and confectionery, butter, cigarettes, tobacco, harness leather, motor cars, musical instruments, soap, rugs, candles, matches and margarine. Is this "refusing to protect Irish interests"?

Finally let me say, apropos of Mr. O'Kiersey's description of Mr. Dulanty as His Majesty's Free State High Commissioner in London, that the king had as much and as little to do with the appointment of Mr. Dulanty as he had with the appointment of General Dawes in London.

I read Mr. O'Kiersey's no doubt well-intentioned letter with regret, for I expect great things from the race to which I belong in the way of clean living, clear thinking and right acting; if however we are to carry out in this distracted world the mission that should be ours we must not be "passion led."

EDWARD EYRE.

THE COMMONWEAL AND LITERATURE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Just a word in comment on the article, "The Commonweal and Literature," by J. V. Cunningham, and its representation of my own estimate of literature. To assume that I consider "style" a luxury or sugar-coating or mere exterior ornament added to a writer's image of his subject and that this is the current Catholic attitude, strikes me as the outcome of an extraordinary complacent idiocy. Manifestly I was talking of the infantile impression of the schoolboy under the excitement of his introduction to the great masters. I believe I saw through that fallacy when I was still at my Latin conjugations. To be accused of believing in it today, and to be told that that sort of belief prevails among Catholic critics in this country, makes me wonder what kind of yokel it is that does our criticism for us and whether he knows what he is talking about.

I will make a confession. I came to this country filled to the neck with the average Britisher's rudimentary idea of American civilization. I was in this country ten years before I succumbed to the belief that an American could write a book worth reading. James's "Principles of Psychology" woke me up with a shock. But I have a sneaking idea that the mass of criticism which fills American journals, the Mississippi of drivel for example which recently disappeared into the earth on the subject of humanism, has much of its origin in assumptions as pretentious and foolish as Mr. Cunningham's. The tendency, for example, to trammel the free growth of literature with the variety of standards and rules that propagate like rabbits in college debating societies strikes me as a testimony rather to the abundance of the paraphernalia of education than to its depth and quality.

Manifestly something has to be allowed for if there is to be any criticism at all. Our speech is all misleading as applied to the arts. Form, design, color, in a novel or poem simply do not exist, but we have to write as though they did. The poem and the novel are likewise viewless, but we have to talk as though we could see and handle them. This has to be taken for granted. Mr. Cunningham's indictment seems to be born of the zeal of the newly baptized. The discoveries which fill him with enthusiasm are already old in the catechism. He is bragging about being able to do a hop, skip and a jump in the age of aviation.

BENEDICT FITZPATRICK.

SILESIA PRAYS

Winona, Minn.

TO the Editor: Mr. Henry Morton Robinson in his article, "Silesia Prays," which appeared in the issue of THE COMMONWEAL of October 14, tells us among other things that in the plebiscite some ten years ago 70 percent of the Silesians "voted to remain what they had been all their lives—Germans." Since he further states that ten years ago a large section of Upper Silesia was handed over to Poland, one may conclude that there remained very little of the Polish element in the part of Upper Silesia which still belongs to Prussia or Germany.

In another paragraph, though, we read: "Sermons and announcements are made both in German and Polish; all Silesian priests are bilingual. . . ." Why? The Germans certainly don't care to listen to Polish sermons; they would be unable to understand them just as much as Mr. Robinson himself. In the western part of Germany around Bochum, Essen, Düsseldorf and other industrial points are large colonies of Polish immigrants, numbering hundreds of thousands, yet they have no Polish or bilingual priests to preach or hear confessions in Polish. There must then of necessity be special grave reasons why all Silesian priests are bilingual and why sermons and announcements are made both in German and Polish.

The frequent tolling of church bells, congregational singing at Mass, music, always music, both organ and choral ceremonies at funerals in which "the priest and the organist play major rôles," which Mr. Robinson saw and heard in German Upper Silesia, are by no means customs of German origin as anybody may verify by comparing them with similar ceremonies and costumes of western Catholic Germany.

But then, "Upper Silesia has the political misfortune to border on Poland." Mr. Robinson also "only wishes to point out that incessant guerilla warfare along the border is a constant menace to the peace of Middle Europe, and that last spring on the tenth anniversary of the plebiscite, 40,000 Silesians faced the Polish borders and with upraised hands vowed never to relinquish their claim upon the home soil that had been wrested from them." Why does not Mr. Robinson tell us what the Poles across the border did in retaliation on that day? To the best of my knowledge, there were no hostile demonstrations on the Polish side on that occasion, although the Poles had more substantial reasons than the Germans to show their dissatisfaction with the plebiscite.

Anyone who is not totally ignorant of European history ought to know that originally the whole of Silesia nationally as well as territorially formed a part of Poland. And even today, notwithstanding articles like the one under consideration, Silesia is not a stock-German province except in the imagination of a Prussian junker or his ignorant friends.

RT. REV. JAMES PACHOLSKI.

THE PROBLEM OF PROBLEMS

Manhattan, Kan.

TO the Editor: To those interested in the future of the Catholic Church in America through the permanence of our Catholic rural parishes, THE COMMONWEAL pledge of help is encouraging, as also were the many letters of approval from members of the hierarchy addressed to the Catholic Rural Life Conference in its Wichita meeting. How to foster a rural life for a great body of our Catholic people is truly a "crucial problem—crucial not only for Catholics but for the American nation." The Catholic Rural Life Conference under the inspiration of Bishop O'Hara has done much to establish

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the principles by which this problem must be solved. How shall we apply these principles effectively to the solution?

Can we teach our intelligent, skilled farm youth to see in agriculture not a road to wealth but a satisfying mode of living? Should pastor and parents promote agricultural or 4H clubs to interest and educate the farm youth in skilled methods of farming? We have sound reasons to believe that many ambitious rural youths abandon the farm life because they cannot find the capital necessary to establish themselves on the farm. Is Catholic self-interest and charity active enough to promote rural parish credit unions which may supply capital for these aspiring young farmers to establish themselves on a family farm? Can we develop an active coöperative movement in Catholic rural communities? Do we need a "rural church preservation society," paralleling the Extension Society, to finance and direct the application of these principles? Let Catholic leadership answer. How much attention is given to rural sociology in our Catholic colleges or seminaries?

Rev. A. J. Luckey.

THE REPORT ON EDUCATION

Osawatomie, Kan.

To the Editor: I am glad that your worthy weekly, The Commonweal, has brought to its readers with deserving comment, the report of the National Advisory Educational Committee suggesting the creation of a Department of Education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet. The report of this committee is most inconsistent and even contradictory. After stating that it is against federal interference in educational matters, it reverses itself, and goes on record for the creation of a department and an office that have not yet existed. It says "no" to federal interference and then approves of more of it. I fail to see the logic of the majority that signed this report. They are bartering the very autonomy that our forefathers fought and died for. It is the most un-American and most undemocratic proposal that has been offered to the American people since the War of Independence.

Rev. Louis Hauber.

FOR THE LEPERS

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor: The Society for the Propagation of the Faith appeals to your charity in behalf of the poorest of Christ's flock—the lepers. This year, more than ever, do we solicit your alms for these "remnants of humanity."

While we are all living in cheerful anticipation of a happy Christmas, many thousands of our fellow men live in the hopeless grasp of loathsome leprosy. Their lives are deprived of every solace except that which religion affords. The missionaries who have them in charge receive their greatest joy when they see their poor charges made happy by the charity of Catholics at home.

We make this annual appeal for the lepers, who will be happy to receive the crumbs of our Christmas charity and who will repay the givers by holy prayers at the Crib on Christmas morning.

All donations, large or small, are most welcome. Offerings for the Lepers' Christmas Fund may be sent to the Diocesan Offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith (in every diocese) or to

Rt. Rev. William Quinn, P.A., *National Director,*
Society for the Propagation of the Faith,
109 East 38th Street, New York, N. Y.

BOOKS

Eugenics Awry

Judgment on Birth Control, by R. De Guchteneere. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

The modern mind is not partial to metaphysical speculation and rather suspicious of anything resembling deductive reasoning. Moving habitually on the level of experience, it can be impressed only by arguments of the empirical type. Though this attitude is fundamentally wrong, it yet must be taken into consideration by anyone anxious to obtain a hearing for his message. Accordingly Dr. De Guchteneere was well advised in choosing the empirical approach in his presentation of the case against birth control; of course, he does not confine himself to this phase of the subject, but duly supplements his argument on the metaphysical side, for no moral issue can be decided on purely empirical grounds.

What experience, honestly interpreted, has to say with regard to birth control is set forth in the first five chapters. The original basis on which Malthus constructed his argument for the necessity of birth restriction has given way. By a wealth of statistical evidence it is proved that overpopulation need not be feared. Only a prejudiced manipulation of the evidence can create the contrary impression. The actual danger that confronts our age really is a constantly falling birth-rate. On the other hand, production for various reasons has enormously increased. Aware of the weakness of the old argument, modern neo-Malthusianism advocates birth control on entirely different grounds. These are considerations of an individual nature. At the same time the methods have undergone a change. Moral restraint is superseded by mechanical devices. Clever propaganda has succeeded in rendering birth control socially respectable and even clothed it with a certain external glamor very readily deceiving those whose emotions outrun their judgment. The strength of the argument for birth restriction lies in its appeal to the selfish instincts of man. It frankly accepts the pleasure principle as the guiding norm of human conduct.

The modern argument in favor of birth limitation is fourfold: economic, eugenic, medical and moral. Sophistry and sentimentality enter into the argument at every turn and completely befog the real issues. Thus the insinuation that high birth-rate causes poverty distracts the attention from the real cause of poverty which is to be found in social injustice. The logical juggling becomes even worse when the neo-Malthusians attempt to prove the beneficent influence of birth control on race improvement. All indications are that restrictive birth measures in no way insure higher quality. The medical argument is regarded as the keystone of their theory by the champions of birth control. When they come to this point they give free rein to sentimentality, but medical experience is far from bearing out their contentions. On the contrary, the medical profession is practically unanimous in admitting that all contraceptive devices are injurious in some way or other and that maternity is conducive to physical and mental well-being. In fact there is a distinct pathology of voluntary sterility. After carefully going over the evidence adduced, Dr. De Guchteneere comes to the following conclusion: "The whole medical argument therefore falls to the ground because it is based on misapprehension and exaggeration."

Not satisfied with a mere utilitarian defense, the adherents of birth control give an elaborate justification of the practice on moral grounds. The claims they make in this respect constitute the flimsiest part of their whole argument. The moralist has

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no difficulty in showing that the practice of birth control neither raises the dignity of woman nor enhances the sanctity of marriage, but that on the other hand it leads to moral dissolution. There is a terrible logic in evil by which one infraction of the moral law draws in its wake many other transgressions.

The last chapter deals with the metaphysical aspects of the problem. Here religion and ethics have their say. The arguments are familiar, for the ground has been covered so often that nothing new can be expected. Not in this chapter is the special merit of the book, but in the preceding ones where the author shows the fallacious character of the unwarranted claim that birth control has any sanction in social or individual experience or that it contributes to human welfare and happiness.

The volume, rich in documentation, well balanced in argument, sane in its outlook and virile in style, is a splendid illustration of the sometimes forgotten truth that the highest laws of morality are in profound accord with the laws of biology and that what is ethically unsound can never be biologically or socially useful.

CHARLES P. BRUEHL.

The Tragic Queen

In My End Is My Beginning, by Maurice Baring. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

IT WAS to be expected that Mary Stuart would have her full share in the torrent of biographies which for the past ten years have been precipitated upon a semi-instructed world. Her story is preëminently tragic; and from the web of falsehoods that has been woven about her fair name she is not yet wholly disentangled. Advocates she has never lacked; but it was left for Sir Edward Parry to lay bare the terrible story of the persecution she endured in life, and of the slanders that pursued her to the grave.

Mr. Baring has not attempted, save indirectly, a defense of this calumniated queen. He has told her tale from the viewpoint of her four famous ladies-in-waiting, Mary Fleming, Mary Beton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seton; and, considering that the four chroniclers have the same events to describe, he has shown great skill in differentiating their narratives. Mary Fleming writes like a court historian. Mary Beton has a mind attuned to sentiment. She has much to say of the queen's beauty, of d'Anville who worshiped her shadow on the wall, and of Châtelart who died on the scaffold for love of her. Mary Livingstone is the most melancholy of the ladies, the most deeply impressed with the hopelessness of the situation. Mary Seton brings to her aid Madame de Briante, that wise old woman whose wisdom was of no avail.

Naturally it never occurred to these close associates of Mary Stuart to look upon their royal mistress as a murderess and a harlot. But naturally again they could not conceive of the treachery which beset her every footstep. They knew that the Scottish lords betrayed her, and that the Scottish people had been preached into hatred of her; but they could not know, as we know today, that her counselors were one and all as false as their capacity permitted them to be; and that, having sworn fealty to her as their sovereign, they gave her "such protection as vultures give to lambs." Mary herself was slow to believe this deadly truth. Elizabeth would have recognized it from the start. She might even have won out; pitting her talent for duplicity, her vigorous understanding and her unfailing opportunism against their massed hostility. But Mary had no shadow of chance. She was nineteen years old when she came to Scotland, and her "great and troubled spirit" lacked the wisdom of years, as well as all knowledge of her surroundings.

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NEXT WEEK

THE VANISHING INDIVIDUAL, by Elmer Murphy, faces the problems stated as follows: "Man, as man, faces a widening battle front. On the economic side he is struggling to escape becoming a cog in a vast industrial machine over which he has no direction or control. On the political side the expanding state is reducing him to the level of a statistical unit. On the social side his status is becoming fixed more by his membership in a group or class than by his own individuality." These conditions the writer considers in their proportions in some of the outstanding civilizations today, and considers wherein lies the strength and hope of the individual. . . . SPAIN AND THE CHURCH, by M. Manent, who writes from Barcelona, is an extremely timely report of important developmentts in the latest republic, not least of which is the emergence of compromise or expediency that considerably modifies what seem like radical, unrepresentative fiats of the new government. . . . FEARING OLD AGE, by Marie L. Darrach, tells of the extraordinary events of the inception of the first Old Age Clinic in San Francisco, and its equally extraordinary work in the vocational guidance and training of those who had thought themselves superannuated. . . . GAPS IN THE LINE, by Joseph J. Stahl, president of the St. Apollonia Guild recounts the activities of the Guild to fulfil its threefold purpose and offers another instance of practical Catholic Action by laymen that in its civic and ethical enterprise does not ignore or neglect the spiritual. . . . THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH, by William E. Cram, gives some excellent advice and anecdotes on a cheerful amenity. . . . CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE TYROL, by Friedrich von Minkus, relates the beautiful celebration of Christmas in a district where faith is still the strongest inspiration.

Mr. Baring's story necessarily stops with the queen's flight to England. Two of the narratives take her, indeed, no further than Lochleven. The nineteen shameful years of English captivity are left unrelated; but a "report" from Jane Kennedy, her faithful waiting-maid, gives us the thrice-told details of her death. They are simply and touchingly described. The volume is a beautiful piece of book-making, worthy of Mr. Baring's delicate and distinguished work. As a historian he shirks his difficulties, and it is little wonder. "If a historical event could be discredited, like a ghost story, by discrepancies in the evidence," says Andrew Lang dryly, "we might maintain that Darnley never was murdered at all."

AGNES REPPLIER.

In Defense of the Borgias

A History of the Borgias, by Frederick Baron Corvo; introduction by Shane Leslie. New York: The Modern Library. $1.00.

THE NAME of Frederick Rolfe, who sometimes called himself "Baron Corvo," is not unknown, either to Catholic readers, or to those who still take a natural interest in the feverish decade of the English nineties. To the former, let us say, originally the legion of the unco' guid, he was usually anathema, and in some respects, deserved it. Though he picqued himself on being aggressively insular and Anglo-Saxon, he was, if anything, Italianate in his temperament, and an Englishman Italianate, we are reminded, can be "a devil incarnate."

We are indebted to Mr. Shane Leslie and Father Martindale, both men of great talent and charming writers, for two stories about Rolfe which it would be too bad not to quote here. A respectable London soliciter was once summoned to give him professional advice at Cambridge by the telegram: "Come at once. You will be met by barouche with white liveries." Instead he was met by the writer in a shabby tweed coat, but became so interested in his amazing client that he introduced him to Mr. Stead of the *Review of Reviews,* Cardinal Manning's friend, a devout spiritualist. Stead consented to see him, but secreted his medium, Julia, in the closet while poor Rolfe was pleading for an assignment. Suddenly the sibyl yelped, "Send him off; he's a blackguard," and for once, as Mr. Leslie puts it, Rolfe was baffled by powers more sinister than his own. Afterward the late Monsignor Benson became for a time fascinated by Rolfe's personality, Father Martindale informs us, but after three years they quarreled, and later the priest parodied the writer in one of his amateurish romances, "The Sentimentalists."

Rolfe, with all his curious, *fin de siècle* crotchets and quirks, would not be really important as a writer, were it not for his gorgeous satire, "Hadrian the Seventh" (reviewed at length in THE COMMONWEAL), and for his "Chronicles of the House of Borgia," long out of print, and now happily reprinted by the enterprising Modern Library, under a slightly altered title. This book, despite all its elaborate affectations, is a truly notable work. Among other things, it contains a study of Saint Francis Borgia, General of the Society of Jesus, which is a triumph in the rare art of hagiography, very superior to the ordinary performance in that line. Rolfe's real contribution to history and letters is his finely-reasoned vindication of one of the greatest and most human of all Sovereign Pontiffs, Alexander VI, together with that of his children, the famous Cesare Borgia (probably not the Pope's son) and the lovely and pious Lucrezia, one time Duchess of Ferrara.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

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Right Emphasis

America Hispana, by Waldo Frank. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

BY HIS association with the universities and the writers of South America, Waldo Frank has learned to write Spanish in English words, and it is done with excellent result.

He is happy too in the form he has given his book. He preludes the whole with the Panama Canal which is obviously correct even when writing of the centuries before the canal existed. He follows with highly colored portraits of those great natural regional divisions which are bound to affect human evolution: the high Andes, the pampa, the forest, the Antarctic Pacific coast and the central sea, each presented in short striking essays, all illustrating harmoniously the feature he wishes to raise out in each general type portrait. He includes of course that special cultural message to which he has dedicated himself, and which has guaranteed for him, everywhere in South America, a sympathetic hearing coupled with that gracious courtesy in which Americans of "America Hispana" are so lavish to any stranger who is not impervious to thought, even when they do not in the least agree with him.

It is an admirable treatment of the subject, and stands among the best produced so far in the United States in the interest of understanding; his facts are obviously facts, and his deductions plausible to those who know his chosen terrain.

There are, however, certain tendencies in all his writing that, nowadays, one does not know whether to pass over or not, for they are merely matters of good taste. He has allied his style with the French wing of the ultra-modern school of Spanish writers. Perhaps I can best say what I mean in the immortal words of an elderly and ruffled member of the Century Club, resolving never more to dine outside of its dignified portals: he had been put next, at dinner, to "a confounded woman who talked about everything under the sun, and wouldn't talk about anything else!" Frank, in common with the Franco-Spanish school that he affects, has a tendency that way, and to that extent he is offensive. He always gives the impression, too, of one of those "victims" (as Krutch so finely calls them) of "the modern temper," but no longer one of the despairing ones, for he has a mission to explain dispassionately, each to the other, the North American product of Protestant thought (no longer Protestant) and the South American product of Catholic thought (no longer Catholic).

Of course, in large measure, he is right, and in his deductions he rightly places the burden of emphasis where it belongs: on the mestizo, not merely as one of mixed blood, but as one conscious in his mixed blood of conflicting, unassimilated cultures. There he has a valid clue in religion, in politics, in the social order, to what is hard for us to understand, but there is much more to it than Waldo Frank has yet discovered.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Explorer

La Salle, by Leo V. Jacks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

PROFESSOR LEO V. JACKS of the classical department of Creighton University and formerly a scholar on the Knights of Columbus Foundation at the Catholic University of America, from which he was graduated with the degree of doctor of philosophy, has followed his thrilling tale, "Xenophon," with a splendid pen-picture of La Salle. He has attained the art of the new biography without acquiring its annoying defects. His outline of La Salle's career is in the main as

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accurate as the character of a popular work will permit. The style is easy, flowing, at times superb, even when descriptions are somewhat colored and forced. There is no dullness in his pages—his own imagination and the vividness of La Salle's picturesque career provide action and challenge sustained interest.

Dr. Jacks has caught the spirit and La Salle lives. One actually sees old Rouen, recognizes the court of the tyrannous Louis XIV, follows the intrepid Norman to Montreal, hears the conversation between Robert Cavelier and his Sulpician brother, watches La Salle establish himself as a seigneur on the St. Lawrence, and hears the call of the interior with its Indians and wealth of furs—the call which La Salle heeded. Then there is action: intrigue, hardship, adventure, Iroquois, dreams of empire realized, Frontenac, Laval, Tonty, Marquette, *coureurs de bois,* improvised ships on the unknown waters of the Great Lakes, canoes on Western streams, strange tribesmen, the following of the Mississippi to its delta, the erection of strategic forts and the glorification of France in the New World. Like most of the great explorers, La Salle, assassinated by mutinous companions, half-crazed by intolerable hardships, died without knowing, but his deeds and his fame have endured.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Drama

As You Desire Me, by Luigi Pirandello. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

The Tragedy of Josephine Maria and Other One-Act Plays, by Charles S. Brooks. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

BEING, apparently, one of the few who have not been struck with admiring wonder at the esoteric gymnastics of "Six Characters in Search of an Author" and other Pirandello plays, I was surprised to find that the reading version of "As You Desire Me" is not only excellent dramatically but convincing in the tortuous mental subtleties which as usual characterize the Italian master's work. The plot concerns a lady, snatched away by enemy troops in the war, recovered by her husband ten years later. The question arises, is this lady the true wife or an impostor? Pirandello's skill is brought to play in maintaining utter neutrality on this matter; and so great is his mastery that at the end of a play filled with suspense, the question of the lady's identity is still an open one. Whether she was the wife or whether she was an impostor, her answer is: "As you desire me." The husband could have got back the real wife in either case if he had wanted her; even were she a pretender she could have provided the essence of the lost wife, if the husband and his band of relatives had not failed by seeking in her the semblance, instead of the inner reality, of the woman who disappeared ten years before. An Italian critic has said that Pirandello here demonstrates "his metaphysical conception of the changing and relativistic reality of human personality." Whether viewed from the psychological or solely from the dramatic angle, this is a fascinating and provoking play, richly deserving its American success.

Charles S. Brooks's volume of one-act plays is mostly written in a jolly, sometimes satirical, mood of farce. The best of the plays have a sort of salty philosophy behind the fun; the least successful are the melodramas with surprise endings. But all ten are deft and amusing. Written for production in Mr. Brooks's own little barn theatre, they do not call for elaborate sets or large casts; therefore directors of intimate Little Theatres in particular should not miss this volume.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

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Briefer Mention

The Genesis of Shakespeare Idolatry, by Robert Witbeck Babcock. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: University of North Carolina Press. $3.00.

CONTRARY to still prevalent notions, Shakespeare was not forgotten by the English during the eighteenth century. Indeed they made all in readiness for the "idolatry" of subsequent times and, if we may credit Professor Babcock, indulged in considerable hero-worship of their own. His thesis is based on careful study of periodical literature between 1766 and 1799, and served as a supplement to and corrective of Nichol Smith and other writers. A vast amount of pertinent and more or less interesting information is supplied to show that the last three decades of the eighteenth century defended Shakespeare's attitude toward the unities, condoned his frequent want of decorum, defended him against the critique of Voltaire and began that practice of reading psychology and other sciences into his work which later became an obsession. The case is presented with logic and learning. While Professor Babcock's book is naturally, necessarily an unadulterated dissertation, it is a really useful addition to Shakespeariana.

Folkways in Thomas Hardy, by Ruth Firor. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.00.

MISS FIROR has added a very useful dissertation to the literature concerning Hardy. It has long since been evident that his so-called "philosophy" is of comparatively little moment in the novels—that he has merely identified himself with Wessex people to such an extent that their views, fatalistic and more than relatively sad, have become his. In the present book attention is concentrated upon Hardy's use of folk-lore, and this is then correlated with the general history of such customs. There are chapters on omens, divination, magic, festivals and customs, law, medicine and other forms of traditional belief. Miss Firor offers a veritable small encyclopaedia of interesting information, all of which is coördinated with the Hardy stories in the most satisfactory manner possible. Thus there is opened up one of the best thinkable routes to a right understanding of the Wessex novels. One's hope is that someone will now come forward with a treatise on Hardy's attitude towards animals. The requisite "notes" would then be nearly complete.

Nationalism in Modern Finland, by John H. Wourinen. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.75.

THE STUDY of nationalism proceeds apace. Dr. Wuorinen, a young and unusually competent Finnish-American student, now offers a chart of the progress of the disease in Finland. Possibly the scene will seem a bit remote, but it has the advantage of condensation and colorfulness. The advent of nationalistic sentiment is traced from the time of opposition to Swedish centralization, through the years of interest in folk-lore and linguistic studies, to our own time. In this case the roots of unrest and action were not so much economic as cultural—a phenomenon no doubt more general than modern history has been accustomed to declare. The book is written with genuine effectiveness, and its use of vast quantities of evidence, some of which must of have been difficult to come by, is exemplary. Thus, patiently and laboriously, the true inner history of modern politics is being written. The greatest incentive has, no doubt, been given by Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes.

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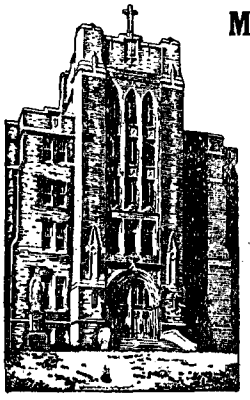

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Portugal for Two, by Lawton Mackall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

THE BEST part of this book is the pictures. These photographs are intensely interesting, clear and profuse. There are nearly a hundred of them, and they cover most of the points of interest in Portugal from the show places to the quaint and typical. One is constantly amazed by them at the richness of the country in magnificent castles, palaces and churches. The text of the book, while it might please some who have a passion for sprightliness, so plays with the solid it contains that it soon becomes tiresome. If one can bear "delicious little balconies" and "sprawly-arched entrance" and "wooly sheep" that greet the author with "Baa!" one might be able to sift the chaff for the information about an extraordinarily picturesque and relatively little known country. The book is worth picking up from the book-stall, anyway, for a look at the pictures.

The United States and Disarmament, by Benjamin H. Williams. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.50.

DISARMAMENT is a very important subject, though reading about it seems difficult. Mr. Williams has produced the best available book on the subject, distinguished alike for accurate informate and temperateness. The problem is envisaged from the especial point of the view of the United States, to the armament history of which the author pays attention before proceeding to outline the effort made since 1916 to exclude war from the domain of international economics. The writing is not brilliant but generally avoids the stodginess so usual in books of this kind.

The Making of a Saint, by John Oxenham. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

THIS little biography of Saint Jean-Marie Vianney, whom France has loved for a century as the Curé d'Ars, is an unpretentious and simple as its subject. The author has appropriately approached his work with a delightful naïveté and his admiration for the curé is frequently colored with tenderness. This is more remarkable because such spontaneous enthusiasm has been drawn from one who, an avowed Protestant, found numerous doors of understanding shut against him. But Mr. Oxenham's faith in the curé is so strong that, without comprehending entirely the fullness of the Catholic belief, he is humbly willing to submit his own inner convictions to the certainty that the saint's piety and life was both real and true.

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